JOHN BULL, MAY 3, 1924. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1924. TWOPENCE.

Mason's 'O.K' Sauce
"JOHN BULL'S APPETISER."

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

My Ray of Death

by H. GRINDELL-MATTHEWS

Don't let things worry you

—Start the day right with ENO

The World-Famed Effervescent Saline.

Get a bottle of ENO to-day. The Household Size at 3/- is most suitable for family use. The Handy Size costs only 1/9.

THE wide-awake alert people — those who radiate happiness and vitality and are never "with worry weighted"—are those who take good care of health.

They know the imperative importance of keeping the system free from clogging impurities; and more often than not they rely on this simple rule: First thing every morning drink a glass of water, cold or warm, sparkling with a dash of ENO's "Fruit Salt."

The same rule is good for you. If things worry you, if you suffer from fits of depression or from sick headaches, if you are easily fatigued and so rendered an easy prey to colds and chills—there is no better remedy than to start the day right with ENO's "Fruit Salt."

ENO contains no drastic mineral aperients, such as Epsom and Glauber Salts. It possesses the beneficial and refreshing qualities of fruit in a concentrated and convenient form.

Pleasant to taste, gentle, yet certain in action, it is quite suitable for even the most delicate and most fastidious.

THE WORDS "FRUIT SALT," ENO, AND THE LABEL ON THE PACKAGE ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS

GRAVES
STYLISH COSTUMES.

Every lady should write at once for the Graves Magnificent Display of Costumes

All Garments warranted of best make throughout. From 5/- monthly. The finest qualities, the most becoming fashions.

Costumes delivered to approved orders on receipt of first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied. Money back if in any way disappointed.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS
A post card will bring you a complete Range of styles & patterns per return

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

RHEUMATISM
Made His Life MISERABLE
URACE CURED HIM.

235, LONDON RD., DOVER.

Dear Sirs.—I would like you to know what a lot of good Urace Tablets have done my son. He suffered terribly with Rheumatism in his feet, making his life miserable. He cried with pain when taking off or putting on his boots. I thought I would try Urace; the result seems impossible, for he never complains now.
Yours faithfully,
MRS. E. BUSHELL.

RHEUMATISM CURED
WITH TWO BOXES OF URACE.

112, Bonaccord Street, Aberdeen

Dear Sir,—After being unable to dance for the last two months through rheumatism in my feet, I tried your "Urace" and it has worked wonders. I am as light on my feet as a fairy and dancing as good as ever, so every body tells me. I bought one 1/3 box in Aberdeen and one 3/- box in Cambridge, and all I can say is that URACE for the RHEUMATIC RACE is "IT."
W. H. SMART.

URACE, and URACE alone, can cure Rheumatism. It directly attacks the cause—uric acid—dissolves and expels it from the system and prevents its reappearance. That is why it CURES, and CURES QUICKLY.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per box

From Boots (600 Branches), Timothy White Co. Taylor's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Harrods and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from the URACE Laboratories, Dept. 75, 82, St. Thomas Street, S.E.1.

URACE TABLETS

THE ACKNOWLEDGED REMEDY FOR
Neuralgia Cramp Nerve Pains
Lumbago Rheumatism Kidney Trouble
Gout Backache Sciatica, etc

BALD MEN GROW HAIR

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new, vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Hellier when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain Ltd., 2, Percy St., (53 E.E.), London W.1

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT

Fire Fiend Devours Whole Street

JOHN BULL pays hundreds of pounds to victims.

PICTURE ten little cottages nestling together at Scotswood, near Newcastle, the homes of thrifty workers. In the first cottage in the row, occupied by Mr. Daniels, a foreman printer, the hot breath of an overheated stove caught on fire some hanging wallpaper. In a flash the whole dwelling was ablaze. The fire spread with frightful rapidity, and was not quenched until practically every one of the ten cottages, one after the other, had been desolated. Three of the cottages were entirely wiped out without trace. Furniture, household effects, and cherished personal belongings all fell a prey to the flames.

Fortunately, seven out of the ten families concerned had taken the precaution to register for JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Gift, and JOHN BULL has been able to relieve the suffering and distress in this little colony to the extent of hundreds of pounds, Mr. Daniels alone receiving £150.

What about that little home of *yours* that you prize so much? Would *you* receive any compensation if the Fire Fiend reduced it to ashes? Why take the terrible risk? Why not sign the forms now?

A few only of the readers who benefit on account of Fire this week.

SCOTSWOOD, Nr. NEWCASTLE.—E. C. DANIELS, W. JENKINS, J. METCALFE, Mrs. WALLS, Mrs. QUEEN, S. H. BROWN, T. J. TAIBY.

EDINBURGH.—Mrs. H. PORTER, 55 Meadowbank Cottage, Clockmill Road.

BICESTER.—W. MORRIS, North Street, Islip.

GLASGOW.—Mrs. A. KILPATRICK, 763, Maryhill Road.

HEBDEN BRIDGE.—J. W. SCOTT, 19, Eliot Building.

NORWICH.—Mrs. JUDE, 1A, Thorn Lane, Bar Street.

COUPAR-ANGUS, PERTHSHIRE.—Mrs. A. SUTHERLAND, Princes Croft.

SHEFFIELD.—C. H. WALTHALL, 22, Boyton Street, Hanley.

ABERDEEN.—Mrs. E. TREENE, 10, Crooked Lane, Peterhead.

BRADFORD.—Mrs. M. FARRAR, 47, Tennyson Place, Otley Road.

EDINBURGH.—Mrs. E. JARVENT, 11, Northfield Crescent, Willowbrae Road.

CAERAU, Nr. MAESTEG.—E. DAVIES, 29, School Road.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.—T. HOLMES, 67, New Camdon Street.

STAUNTON, Nr. GLOUCESTER.—C. J. PARSONS, Heathercliffe.

ST. HELENS.—Mrs. CALDWELL, 54, Exeter Street.

HOYLAND, Nr. BARNSLEY.—H. WHITWORTH, 19, Royston Hill.

DAWDON, SEAHAM HARBOUR.—J. WARNER, 35, Granby Crescent.

WILLESDEN GREEN, N.W. 10.—S. ENFIELD, 381, High Road.

BEESTON, LEEDS.—A. HALL, 42, Cross Flatts Terrace.

CEFN COED, MERTHYR TYDFIL.—J. HARRIS, Pontycapel Cottages.

GREAT BRIDGE, TIPTON.—Mrs. COPPER, 8, Cophall Street.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

Many other benefits paid this week on account of Sickness, Storm, Accidents, Sport, etc.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date..... .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

J.B. 3/5/24.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date.....

J.B. 3/5/24.

PRESENTATION COUPON.

"John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2. Please send me the "John Bull" Pen and the FREE Gift of a 2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil. If I keep same, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (which includes pocket clip and postage), otherwise I will return in new condition within three days from receipt.

Name.....

Address .....

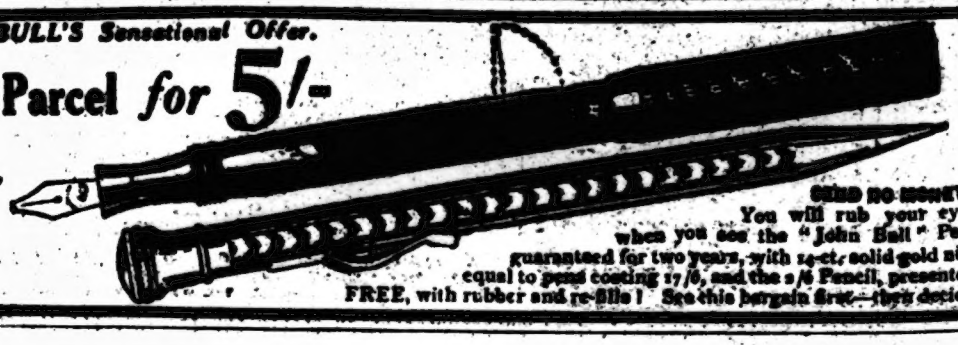
.....

State if broad—medium—fine nib (cross out those not required). If remittance is sent cross P.O./cheque "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." J.B. 3.5.24

JOHN BULL'S Sensational Offer.

A 20/- Parcel for 5/-

INCLUDING A **2/6** "Ever-pointed" Pencil **FREE!**



SEND NO MONEY!
You will rub your eyes when you see the "John Bull" Pen, guaranteed for two years, with 14-ct. solid gold nib, equal to pens costing 17/6, and the 2/6 Pencil, presented FREE, with rubber and re-fills! See this bargain first—then decide.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

A Prescription for Acid Dyspepsia, Dispensed by WM. SHADFORTH, Ph.C.,

Editor "Health News," Author of "The Wealth of Health;" Pharmaceutical Chemist, Highest Qualification, Pharmaceutical Society, Great Britain.

ACIDITY CURED

In ONE WEEK for ONE SHILLING.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, fullness after meals, and all forms of acid Indigestion have been cured by the following prescription:—

Rp: *Bismuth Carb., 3-gths grains. Soda Bicarb., 2 2-gths grains. Magnesia Carb., 3 grains. Oil of Peppermint, 1-16th drop. Oil of Aniseed, 1-16th drop. In 1 Tablet.*

(Syn: Shadforth Prescription No. 1,077.)

Trial Size 1/-

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by physicians the world over. BISMUTH soothes and heals the catarrhal surfaces of stomach and bowels. It is also absorbent. MAGNESIA is antacid. SODA, BICARBONATE is antacid. ANISEED AND PEPPERMINT act as carminatives.

This prescription is a non-purgative. Avoid excess of fried, oily foods and starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 tablets before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long sour face replaced by such bread, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Send to Mr. Shadforth, the well-known London Dispensing Chemist, for a trial box, 1/- (30 tablets). Larger family sizes 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), and 7/- (432). Post free.

Where the Indigestion and Acidity is Exceptionally Uncomfortable and Painful, ask for the Special Prescription for Painful Dyspepsia, No. 15. Price 1/- (36), 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144 tablets).

THIS "JOHN BULL" COUPON

entitles every purchaser of Shadforth Prescriptions of the value of 3/6 and upwards to a

PRESENTATION COPY of the SHADFORTH :: BOOK OF :: PRESCRIPTIONS

New edition just published at 1/-. 112 pages, cloth bound

A valuable work of reference. 1,200 Household Prescriptions.

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOME.

Bronchial Cough,

Cold on the Chest, Huskiness, Sore Throat, Influenza Cold.

(Prescription 331.)

Paregoric Elixir, Licorice Extract, Pine Tar, Creosote.

Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/9 (75), 6/9 (144 pills). Can be advantageously taken while using No. 820 TX. *See opposite.*

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

PAREGORIC soothes the chest and checks coughing. LICORICE loosens phlegm and relieves breathing. PINE TAR, antiseptic and tonic to chest. CREOSOTE, a chest antiseptic with anti-tubercular properties.

Cold in the Head

Or Acute Nasal Catarrh,

Relieved in 2 minutes. Cured in 2 days.

The symptoms of Nasal Catarrh include a muco-purulent and offensive nasal discharge, incessant sneezing, sense of fullness of the nose, mouth breathing, nasal twang, frontal headache, defective taste and smell, watering of the eyes, dry throat, deafness, hawking, etc.

Trial Size 1/-

Nasal Catarrh is often the first stage of BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, COLD ON THE CHEST, PNEUMONIA, THROAT, EAR and LUNG TROUBLES.

Breathe through your nose, not through your mouth. Keep mouth and nose germ-free by the timely and regular use of this prescription, and dwell long in the land of the living.

Shadforth Prescription No. 820 TX. A new effervescent, germicidal tablet. Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/9 (100). Can be advantageously used at the same time as No. 331.

As a large buyer I am able to dispense medicines at reasonable fees. Further Prescriptions are given below. More home remedies are contained in my publication, "Health News," and I will send specimen copies to all purchasers of any of the following if asked for when ordering:—

LOOK FOR YOUR AILMENT BELOW, SEND FOR MEDICINE AT PRICES NAMED.

NEURASTHENIA,

CHRONIC NERVE EXHAUSTION.

The Disease of Modern Civilised Men and Women.

Neurasthenia, one of the dominant complaints of these times, is a weakness of the nervous system. Neurasthenia is curable, but the period required to effect the cure rests entirely with the sufferer. It depends on the determination to win through, and to fully understand the nature of the ailment. To combat Neurasthenia, associated with giddiness or faintness, we recommend Heart Tonic Prescription 630. This is splendid for shattered nerves, palpitation of the heart, and trembling limbs.

Trial Size 1/-

For shock, lassitude, mental depression, loss of memory and general debility, Prescription 470 acts like magic.

THE BRAIN AND NERVE VITALISING TONIC WHICH ACTS LIKE MAGIC. (Prescription 470.)

BRAIN AND NERVE TONIC in NERVAL DEPRESSION, LOSS OF MEMORY, DEBILITY.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS		
PHOSPHORUS. Constituent of the brain. Invigorates brain workers.	*Phosphorus* .. 1-200th gr.	VALUE OF INGREDIENTS
	Nux Vomica .. 1-60th gr.	*DAMIANA.* Cerebro-Spinal Tonic.
	Damiana .. 2 grs.	*LECITHIN.* Natural Glycero-phosphate. Used in ailments arising from defective nutrition.
	Lecithin .. ½ gr.	
NUX VOMICA. Increases Energy.	Price 1/- (24), 1/9 (72), 2/9 (96), 6/- (288), 11/- (600 tablets). THIS CAN BE TAKEN ALTERNATELY WITH THE HEART TONIC.	

A WORLD-FAMED HEART AND NERVE TONIC—PREVENTS HEART FAILURE AFTER INFLUENZA. A VALUABLE TONIC IN ANY WEATHER.

HEART TONIC (Prescription 633.).

PREVENTS PALPITATION, TREMBLING LIMBS, STOPS YOU FALLING TO PIECES WHEN THE BARGMESTER FALLS.

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.		VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.
NUX VOMICA. Increases Energy.	*Nux Vomica Ex.* 1-160th gr.	*GENTIAN.* Tones the Stomach.
	Gentian Extract ½ gr.	*DANDELION* Stimulates the kidneys.
DIGITALIS. Steadies the action of the heart.	*Digitalis* .. .. ½ gr.	
	Dandelion Extract ½ gr.	
	Price 1/- (24), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).	

Anæmia. Blood Poverty.

Value of Ingredients.	Anæmia, Weakness, Constipation, Debility, Dull and Pale Skin, Languor.	Value of Ingredients.
BLAUD PILL. Forms Red Blood Corpuscles.	*Blaud Pill,* 2½ grs. *Aloin,* 1-50th gr. *Nux Vomica Ext.* 1-10th gr. *Calcium Sulphide,* 1-25th gr. *Manganese Citrate,* ½ gr. *Lecithin,* 1-10th gr.	*MANGANESE CITRATE.* Forms Red Blood Corpuscles. *LECITHIN.* Natural Glycero-phosphate. Used in ailments arising from defective nutrition.
ALOIN Liver Stimulant.		
NUX VOMICA. Increases Energy.		
CALCIUM SULPHIDE. Blood Purifier. Alterative.	Price 1/- (36), 2/- (72), 2/6 (144 pills) with directions.	

Trial Size 1/-

CONSUMPTION LUNG TONIC (Prescription 228.)

Creosote, Cinnamon, Bone Marrow, Lecithin, Phosphorus and Iodine.

Useful in combating lung weakness. Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 12/- (432 tablets). Pamphlet free on request.

OBESITY, STOUTNESS, FLABBY LIMBS, CORPULENCY. (Prescription 676).

(A successful treatment.)

Extract of Seaweed, Potassium Iodide, Thyroid Gland, etc.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills). With directions.

DROPSY. (Prescription 209.)

An old and well-tried formula when heart, liver and kidneys are all at fault.

Squill, Digitalis, Calomel, Opium.

Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144). With directions.

DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE. (Prescription 282.)

Contains Nature's Digestive Juices *Pepsin, Malt Extract, Diastase, Charcoal, Cascara Extract.*

Non-purgative, promotes digestion and full nourishment. In tablets. Dose: 2 with meals. Price 1/- (25), 1/6 (50), 2/9 (100 tablets).

You can have these medicines post free at the prices named (abroad extra) from

Mr. Wm. SHADFORTH,

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
(Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.)
49 (Dept. JB 109), King William Street, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

East End Branch & Mail Order Office—63, Grove Road, Bow, E.3. Special Agents—Messrs. Gamage, Holborn, E.C.1, and Messrs. Lewis & Burrows.

BACKACHE,

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Lumbago

and many ailments arising from chill on the kidneys are promptly relieved by the following prescription:—

Rp: *Potassium Nitrate, 2½ grains. Juniper Oil, ½ drop. Colchicum, ½ grain. Venice Turpentine, ½ grain. Capsicum, ½ grain. Bearberry Extract, 1-6th grain. Methylene Blue, 1-5th grain. Copaiba Balsam, ½ drop. Buchus Extract, ½ grain.* In 1 Tablet.

(Prescription No. 69.)

Trial Size 1/-

VALUE OF INGREDIENTS.

Prescribed by Doctors everywhere.

These ingredients are kidney stimulant or diuretic, antiseptic or germicidal, anti-uric and pain-killing (analgesic). The trace of Methylene Blue colours the urine green. Non-purgative.

Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 12/- (432).

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION. (Prescription 2,000.)

Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of bowel indigestion. Useful in the home as a gentle laxative.

Barbados Aloes, Capsicine, Pure Olive Oil Soft Soap.

With directions. Price 1/- (72), 1/9 (100), or 2/- (300 pills).

SLUGGISH LIVER, URIC ACID, KIDNEY TROUBLES. (Prescription 282.)

Cubebs, Venice Turpentine, Colchicum, Gravel Nut, Podophyllin, Capsaba, etc.

Useful for Constipation, Rheumatism, Bladder and Kidney Trouble. Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

DON'T GROW GREY. Use Shadforth's TRANSPARENT HAIR RESTORER

for restoring grey or faded hair to its natural colour. Price 2/6 with directions. Sent in plain wrapper. (Prescription 203.)

BAD BLOOD TONIC FOR ACNE, PIMPLES, ECZEMA, SKIN ERUPTIONS, BLOOD IMPURITIES. (Prescription 1,202.)

A known, admitted, and approved remedy, registered in the Pharmaceutical Journal Formulary as Blood Purifier. Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 12/- (432).

GOUT, ARTHRITIS, RHEUMATIC GOUT, SWOLLEN TOES and FINGERS. (Prescription 74.)

Colchicum, Blue Pill, Rhubarb Pill, Hyoscyamus, Methylene Blue.

Price 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

HÆMORRHOIDS, CONSTIPATION, SLUGGISH LIVER, AND ATONIC DYSPEPSIA. (Prescription 304.)

Cascara, Nux Vomica, Hyoscyamus, and Gentian.

Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS. Blood Pressure Breakdown Unnecessary.

Specialist's known and approved prescription.

Soda Sulphate, Soda Chloride, Soda Carbonate, Neutral Soda Phosphate, Soda Nitrate, Magnesia Phosphate, Calcium Glycerophosphate, in each tablet. (Prescription 1,108.)

Price 1/- (36), 2/6 (100 tablets).

SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, NEURITIS, ARTHRITIS, AND INFLUENZA. (Prescription 203.)

Aspirin, Phenacetin, Dover's Powder.

Price 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100 tablets). With directions.

TOBACCO, ALCOHOL, AND DRUG ANTIDOTE. (Prescription 1,078.)

Quassia, Peppermint, Sugar.

You cannot enjoy either tobacco, alcohol, or drugs, with one of these tablets in your mouth. Easily stops craving for tobacco till nightfall. Price 9d. (25), 1/6 (50), 2/6 (100 tablets).

GASTRITIS, NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA. (Prescription 784T.)

Bismuth Carbonate, Sodium Bicarbonate, Rhubarb, Nux Vomica, Compound Cinnamon Powder.

Non-purgative, tonic, soothing. Known as the Wonderful Tablets. Price 1/- (25), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 tablets).

EPILEPSY. (Prescription 389T.) Falling Sickness.

Ammonium, Potassium and Sodium Bromides, Ammonium Carbonate, Potassium Iodide, Compound Tincture of Gentian. Price 2/- (36), 3/6 (72), 6/- (144 tablets).

COMPLEXION BLEMISHES, SALLOW SKIN, PIMPLES, ACNE AND SKIN ERUPTIONS. (Prescription 442.)

Charcoal, Dried Sulph. Iron, Calcium Sulphide, Nux Vomica, Gentian. Price 1/- (36), 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144), 9/- (432 tablets).

PERSISTENT SKIN, PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, ALOPECIA (Bald Patches). (Prescription 888.)

Mercury Perchl., Creosote, Zinc Ointment.

To be applied night and morning. Price 1/9 and 6/-

WRINKLES, GROWS FAST AND GREY HAIRS. (Prescription 344.)

Gives remarkable results and improves health.

Potassium Hypophosphite, Phosphate, Bicarbonate and Citrate.

Price 1/-, 1/6, 2/6, and 7/-. With directions. In tablets.

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A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain-Hunters

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

MONTHLY PAYMENTS ACCEPTED.

GENT'S Suits made to measure, in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored, at **59/6**

Pay 10/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments.

Also Ladies' Costumes on same easy terms.

Before placing your order elsewhere, write for Patterns and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & CO.,
36, Langham Street, London, W.

NEW HUDSON BICYCLES

79/- CASH

100 ONLY

Made for a Government Contract. Strong 24" All weather Roadsters. UP-TO-DATE SPECIFICATION. Fitted New Dunlop Cs. Tyres.

GUARANTEED BY US FOR 12 MONTHS. Post remittance at once. THEY CANNOT FAIL TO PLEASE.

GRANDEX CYCLES, 138, Grays Inn Road, W.C.1

BABY CAR BARGAINS.

MANUFACTURERS' EXHIBITION STOCK
Cash or Easy Payments.

Less than Half Usual Prices.

Last Prices SENT ON APPROVAL BEFORE PURCHASE.

6½ & 8 gns. Complete.

Also Bargains in CANOPIES, Tricycles, Push Cars, Cots, &c.

CALL or WRITE.

BALL BEARING WHEELS. Motor Panelled Body 39 in.

UNIVERSAL SUPPLY ASSOCIATION (Dept. 9) Railway Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

Yours for Life

The new "Climax" Patent Trousers Press does the work of a 5-gn. press, lasts as long. Full-size, solidly constructed, Polished Jacobean, Nickel Plated Non-rusting Fittings. Packs flat for travelling, light weight.

SEND TO-DAY.

London Road Manufacturing Co.,
(Dept. J.B.), Staines, Middlesex.

RE-WEBBING A CHAIR AT HOME

with the "LEVERET" New Patent Tightener. This can be done quite simply and efficiently by means of this invaluable appliance, which is included in the following COMPLETE OUTFIT:—1 "Leveret" Tightener, 6 yds. Webbing, 1 Box Web Tacks, 1 Card Chair Spring Twine, 1 Upholsterer's Needle, 1 Booklet with instructions. POST FREE. Money refunded 2/6 if not satisfied.

ROBIN HEREWARD CO., Dept. J.B., 39-41, Hargreaves St., Bolton, Manchester.

DON'T POLISH YOUR BRASSES

YOU are doing unnecessary work. All brass work keeps bright for months if you give it one coat of "Unit" (Regd.) Invisible Lacquer. No skill required—just brush it on. Equally good for silver. Trade enquiries welcomed.

'Unit' (Regd.) Invisible Lacquer

The very thing for Door Knockers and Handles, Stair Rods, Taps, Name Plates, etc., etc. **2/-** a tin, post free direct from

UNIT MANUFACTURING CO. (Dept. J.B.) London Road, Hadleigh, Essex

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"NECTRA"
THE ONLY WASHING MACHINE ON THE MARKET

which washes clothes in exactly the same manner as by hand by means of our patented wooden beaters.

WORKED BY HAND OR POWER.

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British Industries Fair, Birmingham. Stand 57 AA.
WRITE OR CALL.

EDWARD BOUCHERY,
(Dept. 9), 16, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1. From **87/6**

The History & Drawbacks of
DEAFNESS
Ended Forever!

PERFECT hearing, one of life's most priceless possessions, can be yours with the aid of The Stolz Electrophone, a wonderful scientific device less conspicuous in use than spectacles, and adjustable to any degree of deafness. Lasts a lifetime. Over 100,000 already in use. A God-send to the deaf.

FREE BOOK 20 pp. of vital interest on ails to the deaf. No obligation. Write now!

THE STOLZ ELECTROPHONE CO. (1924), LTD., 3, St. Martin's Place, London, W.C.2. (opposite Morse Carvell Memorial.)

BIG BICYCLE BARGAINS

BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED.
Ask for 1924 List showing wide range of Models. B.S.A., ENFIELD, JAMES, HUMBER. From CASH or easy payments from 6/6 monthly. Splendid Specifications.

65/-

Carriage Paid any station England or Wales. Crate 2/6

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned.

HEARN CYCLE CO., LTD.
(Dept. V.), 234, Grey's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1.

"THE BOLTON"
DIRECT FROM FACTORY

Carriage Paid on approval
Ball-Bearing Tangent Cycle Wheels

£6:17:6

Beautifully Upholstered. Large and Roomy. Loose Cushions. Finest Materials and Finish throughout. The Lightest and Easiest Running Carriage made.

The Bolton VICTORIA Car for sitting or lying down £8-17-6

Write for Free Catalogue No. 10.

S. BOLTON, 390 & 408, Kingsland Road, London, E.8.

MY LUCK'S IN!
says Every Ju-Ju Wearer.

It's hardly credible—the astonishing way your luck improves as soon as you possess a Ju-Ju famous Nigerian Mascot. Read these letters:—

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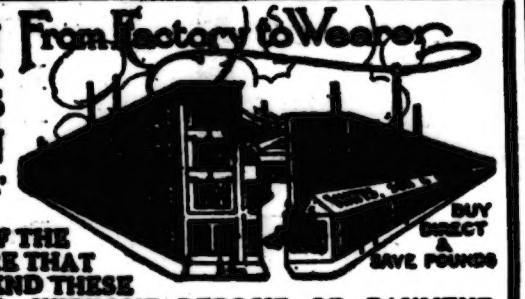

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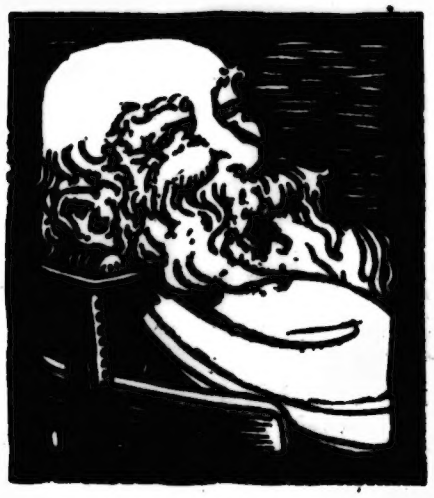

ABOUT BEARDS

There are various kinds of beards. . . .

There's the beard of the reveller who picked up his hairbrush and looked into it, exclaiming, "Great Methuselah! I thought I'd shaved!"

This is the Beard Mythical.

There's the beard of the gentleman who was photographed for the newspapers the other day. His beard was ten feet long and he used it as a scarf.

This is the Beard Phenomenal.

Then there's the beard that lies between the ringing of the alarm-clock and the pouring out of the breakfast coffee.

This is the Beard of the Ordinary Man.

And it can be the very dickens.

It can spoil your toilet, spoil your breakfast, spoil your temper, spoil your day.

But it acknowledges one master—Pears Shaving Soap.

With a stick of Pears and a good razor—well, *every* morning brings that comfortable rubbing of the chin as you sit down to breakfast, that involuntary smile, that after-feeling of a real shave.

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Week ending Saturday,
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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
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Deteriorating Manners.
Let us hope that the Easter recess has soothed the ruffled tempers of M.P.s. They have been too ready lately to forget even the ordinary courtesies and civilities.

Coming Events.
Before long Mr. Clynes will be replaced as Leader of the House, and Mr. Oswald Mosley will be given an under-secretaryship. The Government badly needs some new blood.

Hoity-toity!
Mr. Lloyd George has issued an ultimatum to the Government. Either, says he, you treat us with respect or we withdraw our support.

National Interests First.
We express no opinion on the issue, but this sort of thing makes us tired. Party touchiness is no excuse for putting spokes in the nation's wheel.

Selfish Notions.
When the Government forfeits the confidence of the country by all means turn it out. But the electorate will be quick to resent any such petty tactics as this irritated petulance implies.

Bad Tactics.
Free speech is in serious danger of being stifled unless the Labour Party can keep its hot-headed supporters in check. There is a difference between honest heckling and organised opposition.

An Avoidable Surplus.
By raising the school leaving age to fifteen, some six hundred thousand children would be at once withdrawn from the congested labour market. Mr. Trevelyan, please note.

Good Words.
The Prime Minister has condemned "sympathetic strikes" in unmixed terms. We hope he will now turn his condemnation into practical effect—and stop them.

It's Easy.
It is only necessary to withdraw from such strikers the immunity conferred by the Trade Disputes Act—and the thing is done. Let Mr. MacDonald prove his sincerity by giving us this protection against organised attack.

Dismal Jimmies.
"There will always be strikes," declares the *Daily Express*. We are sanguine enough to believe that some day both employers and employed will realise how much better is reason than brute force.

Spring Portents.
Once more there are signs that the future gives grounds for hope. The possibility of a coal stoppage is now remote. The shipyards dispute has ended, and the threatened building strike may yet be avoided.

Danger Signal.
In the last twelve months there has been a general and steady shrinkage in trade union membership. These are times when the hardships involved in ever-recurring strikes are appealing less and less to the thinking element.

Blue Skies.
For the first time for many months the international situation looks hopeful. With good will all round the reparations muddle can speedily be ended.

All Hands on Deck.
It only needs co-operation, instead of strife and distrust, to set on foot a real trade revival and restore to this country a prosperity that is long overdue.

Even the Gloomy One!
Even Dean Inge thinks the nation is "slowly convalescing." So let us lift up our hearts.

The Wreckers.
The Rothermere Press is busy describing as "imaginary" the Russian claims for damage caused by our interference in their affairs. Excessive perhaps—but no one can deny their reality.

America Moves.
President Coolidge is now prepared to call a world conference on disarmament—on condition that the Dawes Report is accepted. A statesmanlike move—and a wise proviso.

A Pointed Lesson.
French francs are now worth twice as much as they were three months ago. If M. Poincaré can't see the connection between this and the Dawes Reparation Report, it's because he won't.

Two Paths.
The Premier wants to put Germany on her honour. M. Poincaré wants to put a pistol to her head. Well, the latter plan has been proved a failure; why not give the other a chance?

Where Ignorance is Bliss!
The "President of the Grand Council of the British Fascisti" will not give the numbers of that body "for obvious reasons." It doesn't need Sherlock Holmes to deduce what those reasons are!

The Eternal Problem.
The old Irish trouble regarding the northern boundary has reached an acute stage. A satisfactory solution will call for all the statesmanship the Government possesses.

On View.
The marvellous "Queen's Doll's House" was made to show posterity how a king and queen lived. It was an excellent idea, but it might have been carried further.

Well Hidden.
An exact model of a row of slum dwellings or miners' hovels would have interested more than posterity. It might have quickened the consciences of those who are so dilatory in realising how the ordinary man lives.

Houses—for Some.
The trouble with the present housing proposals is that they are conceived in a narrow class spirit. Incidentally they involve nothing less than a Housing Trust.

Open the Market!
They take into account merely a section of the workers and a section of the employers. And they stamp out all competition and competitive prices.

Little Legislators.
It is all too suspiciously like vote-catching to please us. What we want to see is a housing programme conceived in the national interests and framed on national lines.

The Poor Man's Car.
The usual outcry is beginning against chars-a-bancs. There is needed only a little toleration on one side, and a little moderation on the other, for any grounds of complaint to disappear.

Exit at Last.
Ex-Inspector Syme has shown tardy wisdom by accepting as final the private inquiry offered by the Home Secretary. So ends a case that began as a grievance and finished by being an unmitigated nuisance.

It Should be Done.
For once we are in agreement with Mr. George Lansbury when he pleads for a general amnesty for all political prisoners. It would be a graceful gesture—and an act of real statesmanship.

Dear Tea.
When tea companies regularly declare dividends of 20 per cent., and not infrequently 30 per cent. and 35 per cent., it seems opportune to suggest that the price of tea is due to be reduced. For if this isn't profiteering, what is?

Plague Spots.
We should like to see someone take up the case of the girls employed in the large bazaars throughout the country. There are no worse sweating shops in the land.

Hope for Shop Slaves.
We welcome the announcement that a trade board for the grocery trade will be set up immediately. This should put an end to the scandal of the underpaid shop assistant.

The Week's Best Joke.
M. Zinovieff says that so long as the bourgeoisie remain in power in England, Russia will honour her contracts with them. Was there ever such a cyncial indictment of revolutions?

Hard Hit.
In 1919 the medical profession admitted 3,500 new members. In 1923 it admitted only 545. Other professions show an equally heavy decline. Poor payment and heavy taxation are responsible.

As in Russia.
The nation cannot afford to ignore this state of affairs. With the decline of the professions, the mental and spiritual health of the nation declines likewise.

The Ears of Commerce.
The Commercial Travellers' Association is demanding an improved Consular Service. For years we have been asking for it.

Poisonous Food.

We are glad to see that attention is being drawn to the perils of impure and tainted food. The matter is one to which we have constantly called the attention of the authorities, and on no other question of equal importance has there been such deplorable slackness at the Ministry of Health.

The Mother's Right.

We have always stood for the absolute equality of parents before the law, and are not to be put off with half-measures. Surely the mother who risks her life to bring a child to birth, and piles sacrifice upon sacrifice in the task of its upbringing, is entitled to an equal voice with the father in all that concerns its welfare. And we are glad to see that Mrs. Wintringham is giving us her support.

What Parents!

For callous cruelty to a baby aged sixteen months, Frederick Butt Hodge was sentenced to two months' hard labour at Northampton Police Court, and his wife to one month. On one occasion they left the little mite for six hours in an orange box, covered by a piece of quilting. Its head had nothing to rest on but a bare board, and its little body was blue with cold. Animals, even, have more consideration for their young.

A John Bull Boy.

All endeavours to stop the progress of a runaway horse in Peascod Street, Windsor's main shopping thoroughfare, proved futile, until A. Coles, a schoolboy, jumped at the horse's head and brought it to a standstill. Then, before anyone had time to congratulate the little fellow on his plucky act, he vanished into the crowd just as quickly as he appeared. Coles may be shy of praise, but he's got the right sort of pluck.

Starvation in Plenty.

Right in the centre of London's wealth a poor woman dropped dead—starved to death. No tragedy could slash the face of our civilisation more keenly. This old woman was selling matches to the wealthy shoppers in New Bond Street and she suddenly collapsed in the arms of the Hon. Mrs. Christopher Lowther who was passing. A social system that makes this possible is in need of readjustment.

Harsh Treatment.

We are astonished to learn that the Home Secretary has informed the Kingston Borough Bench that he does not intend to interfere with the sentence of two months' imprisonment with hard labour passed on two Teddington youths, aged nineteen, for stealing a few cigarettes valued at 3s. They will thus be compelled to go through life with the brand of prison bars upon them. One of them had hitherto borne an excellent character. Some method of correction might have been adopted less likely to transform them into embittered criminals.

Does Loyalty Pay?

Armed robbers, attacking the Hopwood Street Sub-Post Office, Liverpool, shot dead the son of the postmistress, Mrs. Loveday. He was defending his sister who, with another girl clerk, held the money and telephoned for help. A generous Government has sent the bereaved mother £3 for the funeral expenses, "without further responsibility," and has not even thanked the two girls who risked their lives protecting Government property. It is a scandal that a great Government department in a great State should be so shabby to the dead and so priggish to the living.

A Pertinent Question.

A little Northern village is to-day profoundly grateful to JOHN BULL. Ten little cottages at Scotswood, near Newcastle, the homes of thrifty workers, were practically wiped out by fire. Furniture, household effects and cherished personal belongings, all fell a prey to the flames. Fortunately seven out of the ten families concerned had taken the precaution to register for "JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Gift," and JOHN BULL has been able to relieve the suffering and distress in this little colony to the extent of hundreds of pounds, one person receiving as much as £150.

Boy with the Hangdog Look.

Mr. Jack Kay, a Liverpool schoolmaster, says that the world to-day is creating a generation with a hangdog look, with resentment in its heart, looking with its eyes for ever downcast on the ground for the inevitable half-consumed cigarette. The plucky deeds of boys to which we draw attention continually prove that this dominie is alluding to the exception—not the average.

Oliver Twist Again.

Just as Oliver Twist was put through a window too small to admit a large thief, older boys put an eight-year-old named Seal through the window of a shed at Edmonton. He let them in, and now he is in custody and will go to a home. Little Seal is too young to know he was doing wrong, and kindly supervision will yet seal him to an honest boyhood!

A Chance.

"I pinched your money," was the blunt confession of a Blackburn apprentice baker to Mr. Frederick Rogerson, his employer. "Don't send him to prison," pleaded Mr. Rogerson to the magistrates before whom the youth was brought, "give him a chance and he shall have his job back." And the magistrates did. Would there were more so splendidly magnanimous as Mr. Rogerson to those who wrong them.

The Honest Waiter.

Now that London is crawling with alien waiters it is good to know that the honest British waiter still survives. At one restaurant in the Strand, two years ago, a man from Texas left behind him a wallet containing £230. The other day, "Arthur," a waiter who had found the wallet, remembered a face, and lo! the Texas man has his lost property back, and he, "Arthur," and one of the hospitals have cause for joy.

The Human Machine.

LEARNING TO OBSERVE.

By E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

TRAINING the senses to work efficiently, with which I dealt last week, is a matter that must be treated with the utmost seriousness by all who desire a good memory.

If you wish to discover the difference between merely seeing and really observing, try this little exercise.

You have seen an ordinary postage stamp hundreds of times. Can you describe such a stamp accurately?

Take a sheet of paper and write down a list of all the details that appear on a postage stamp.

When you have put down everything you can remember—and you will be surprised to find how little that is—get another sheet of paper and a postage stamp.

Make another list with the stamp before you. Look at it closely: go over it again and again until you are quite sure you have missed nothing.

Now compare your two lists, and you will see what I mean when I say that while we are continually seeing things we rarely observe them.

Here is another excellent way of learning to to use your eyes, a little game Charles Dickens was fond of playing.

Think of some well-stocked shop-window you will pass on your way home from work. As you pass—without actually stopping—see how many articles you can fix in your memory.

As soon as you get home write down all you can remember.

Next day, take your list with you and compare it with the window.

At first you will be surprised at the small amount you can remember; but if you practise steadily you will soon be astonished to find how much you can remember with just a glance.

As always, it is practice that counts.

A Coming Cause Célèbre.

In a recent issue we made some remarkable revelations concerning the rapid growth of bribery in high places, and we think that the public may look forward to some drastic official action being taken shortly to cope with the cancer. We referred, amongst other matters, to some sensational allegations made against Sir Richard Squires, K.C., ex-Prime Minister of Newfoundland. He has now been arrested, to take his trial, with other public officials, on a charge of larceny.

The Mother's Love.

Distracted by the discovery that her loved daughter had become the victim of a lust-sleuth at Leeds, Mary Jane Middleton searched out the man she suspected of the moral crime, and wounded him. "It was not difficult to understand the feelings of a mother at such a moment," Recorder Compston said, when he ordered her to be released at the end of the day. The feelings of the man can only be realised by himself.

A Girl's Downfall.

Until her employer cast his lustful eyes upon her Ada Wood, of Stockport, was a straight girl. But after she had been seduced and had borne him a child the way downhill was an easy one for her as it has been for many another. And when Harry Vanse took her in hand he lured her to become the associate of thieves with the inevitable end. Vanse is now in jail, but Ada has been given the chance of beginning life afresh. And a helping hand should not be denied to her when she needs it most.

Thank You, Jack Tar.

A young sailor writes to tell us that an English girl answered an advertisement for a post as secretary to a firm in South America. On arriving there she by chance became acquainted with the superintendent of an institution who, noticing that the address of the supposed office was in a suspicious locality, made inquiries through the police and found it was a white slave agency. Girls emigrating would be wise to make inquiries before accepting posts abroad. Many of them are pitfalls of the most dangerous kind.

Help for the Helpless.

While the grass is growing the horse may starve. A Walthamstow reader, disabled by war service, was ordered into hospital by the Ministry of Pensions. The hospital was full, and he had to remain for weeks on the waiting list, during which period he might have died of hunger for all the help he received from the Ministry. He told us his trouble, and we were able to secure for him full treatment allowances from the date of the order. If you are in a similar difficulty, write to JOHN BULL about it.

A Housing Puzzle.

One of our readers, an ex-Service man with a wife and a child fifteen months old, is occupying a single room 8 ft. by 11 ft., in which, owing to all the available space being taken up by essential furniture, it is utterly impossible to have a fireguard as required by law. He applied for accommodation at Becontree and Dagenham months ago, but is still unable to secure it, although a number of suitable tenements remain vacant and others have been allotted to tenants whose need for house room was much less pressing. It is very puzzling to know on what principle, if any, the L.C.C. Housing Committee acts.

Labour Exchanges and Sweating.

With the recent severe magisterial comment on the iniquity of employing girl assistants in Woolworth's bazaars at 12s. 6d. a week fresh in mind, we are amazed to learn that at the Walham Green Labour Exchange the nineteen-year-old daughter of one of our readers, a girl with clerical experience and excellent references, was penalised for refusing to accept such a post by being deprived of unemployment benefit. This is not the first instance brought to our notice of attempts by Labour Exchanges to coerce workers into accepting unsuitable and underpaid employment, and we hope the Minister of Labour will be called to account for it in the House of Commons.

Wembley Visitors, Beware!

We are doing our best to warn the hundreds of thousands of visitors to Wembley against the international thieves who will seek to rob them. Their latest dodge is to pose as *bona-fide* officials and, in their shirt-sleeves, they bluster up to foreign visitors and ask whether they want to change foreign money into English notes. Then they disappear with the money—and Scotland Yard listens to the stories of their dupes.

The Copper's Nark.

Son of a Colonial official, jailbird, bankrupt, and bad lot, Catchick Jordan, thirty-two, has gone to prison for eighteen months. The strange thing is that this rascal, who had previously been in jail for conspiracy to obtain money by false pretences, was actually a paid spy of the police. We think the police ought to be above employing old criminals as spies. There is a grave danger that the public may be blackmailed by police-employed crooks.

Rich and Poor Alike.

Months ago we urged the Public Prosecutor to inquire into Marchants, Ltd., which took money from ex-soldiers on the fraudulent promise of setting them up in business. The Public Prosecutor did as we asked, and, as a result, the three guilty directors went to jail. One, Albert A. Scanlon, a barrister, appealed against his sentence, and we are glad to see that his action was futile. Barrister or no barrister, he did wrong, and it is right and just he should suffer the penalty.

Dodging the Rent Act.

Applicants for a house advertised to be let received a communication from H. Withinshaw & Co., 59, Gilman Street, Hanley, as follows:—"Reference house to let Hanley. £15 is required for information. If this should interest you please call at this office at once. You can then have key to view same." The Rent Act provides a penalty of a fine of £100 for demanding a premium as a condition of tenancy. It is time the law were amended to make dodges of this sort as illegal and punishable as they are unconscionable.

A Timber Twist.

T. O'Gorman, Jun., of Katherine Road, Forest Gate, claims that his are "London's Cheapest Timber Yards." Several complaints leave us wondering what the dearer ones can be like. He advertises "guaranteed bright new timber," but one reader, who paid £3 4s. for a quantity, received old stuff so unlike the specification that he claimed a refund of £1 15s., but could obtain no reply to his demand, while another, who ordered 400 ft. received nothing at all until we took the matter up on his behalf, when he was sent only 280 ft. T. O'Gorman, Jun., had better mend his methods.

The Accommodation Wangle.

As might be expected, the British Empire Exhibition is providing a pretext for all sorts of get-rich-quick merchants to obtain money from the public. A host of people are professing great concern about housing accommodation for visitors. Robert Henry and John Hagerty, for instance, have registered "The Exhibition Agency," with an office at 6, New Street, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C., and are sending out canvassers who collect 2s. for "registration" of rooms to let. It should be known that this concern has no official connection whatever with the Exhibition.

Deaf as an Adder.

The General Acoustic Company is a concern with a head-office in Hanover Street, London, W., and branches in the provinces which advertise an appliance called an "Acousticon," claimed to be "the greatest hearing aid ever invented." A Scottish reader who paid £13 13s. for one found it so troublesome that after several ineffectual attempts to obtain satisfaction from the Dundee branch she wrote to the Edinburgh office requesting them to take back the instrument and refund the money. To this request they remain "deaf as the adder which stoppeth her ears," and merely offer assistance in adjusting the appliance. This is very unsatisfactory.

One to Us!

An interesting and important sequel is likely to the recent article in JOHN BULL, "The Man in Possession," by Sydney A. Moseley. Those furniture hire-traders who object to the black sheep of the trade who seize goods after they have almost been paid for, are taking steps to enforce these sharps to move.

The Red Light.

The police would be well advised to watch an individual who calls himself "Starkie, E.M.P.," and stands in the market place at Birkenhead, claiming healing powers over a variety of disorders. He distributes handbills announcing hours of consultation at 20, Sussex Street, Birkenhead, and, if the character of his clap-trap discourses may be taken as an indication of his activities, he is a danger to the public.

Watch the Ports!

One of the most beautiful but notorious women in the world, Marie Fuerst, who has many aliases and whose favourite pose is that of "Princess Hohenlohe-Mariac-Stahrenberg" is planning to return to this country. Her latest coup was effected by robbing a wealthy banker staying on the Continent of £6,000. After she got the money she arranged to meet him at a famous London hotel but when he got here she had vanished.

The Cut-purse Purser.

The Union and Castle Line might condescend to warn the public against the man Bentley, who describes himself as Chief Purser of the *Garth Castle*. Of course he is nothing of the kind, but he is robbing poor widows, landladies whom he bilks and poor housewives to whom he sells carpets—worth little—by pretending that they came from this great shipping firm.

Problems of Life.

SPIRITUAL SALVAGE.

By the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

THE opening of the great British Empire Exhibition is inspiring us all with new interest and hope.

The achievement is in itself a marvel of energy and will, a triumph of organisation to be proud of; it marks the most determined effort yet made by our race to rise above the evil conditions created by the war and restore prosperity.

As such it is a spiritual, no less than a material fact.

This is equally true of nearly all our reactions to the urge of life.

A machine is as much a spiritual fact as a poem.

Grand opera is no more the expression of man's higher nature than the magical skill that broadcast the King's voice to the ends of the earth.

Unfortunately poison gas and bombing aeroplanes are also spiritual facts.

They represent human genius prostituted to the service of hell.

It is often assumed that these are inevitable evils, the product of the ape and tiger qualities inherited from pre-historic man.

But this is incorrect. Pre-historic man was not a degraded and ferocious being.

Professor J. Arthur Thomson, no mean authority, says we come of good animal stock in this respect, that primitive man was really a comparatively decent fellow of friendly social instincts and high capacity.

And Sir Oliver Lodge says that the most dangerous evils from which we suffer are no inheritance from our animal forefathers, but a disease of civilisation, a spiritual perversion, a devil to be cast out.

Let us then take courage. There is really nothing menacing our common life to-day which cannot be made to yield to a change of spirit.

Electric Shocks.

That enterprising concern known as the Electrological Institute, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., is still causing disappointment to many of its clients, who purchase expensive electric belts in the hope of curing chronic disorders of the body. We exposed this firm long ago, and in view of the number of complaints still reaching us, we once more advise our readers to place circulars from the firm in the waste-paper basket.

For Bearded Women.

Mrs. Frederica Hudson, of 9, Old Cavendish Street, W., has broken out in a new place. For years she has been selling anti-hair paste, a secret preparation given to her late and dear husband on the battlefield by a dying Indian soldier. It was practically infallible. Now she has made it more infallible. To people it did not cure she offers real infallibility—at another twelve-and-six a pot! Ignore her!

A Norman Conquest.

Mr. Norman Lennard, of 220, Arlington Road, N.W., advertises for concert talent and invites those who reply to an audition, for which they have to pay a guinea, which is returned to unsuccessful candidates when they are unsuccessful and to successful candidates when they are successful. Why a fee should be asked for, which must be returned to the rejected and the accepted, is beyond comprehension. The moral is obvious.

Slippery Sam.

Beware of Samuel Alamar who, by his own account, is a political prisoner immured in a fortress in Spain. He writes to people claiming relationship through his dear departed mother and begging them to undertake the guardianship of his dear delightful daughter Adela, aged sixteen, now in a boarding-school, in return for which service he offers a third portion of a hoarded fortune of £42,000. This swindle has been worked for half a century or more, and has frequently been exposed.

Gone West.

A reader who received a voucher from G. West, 27, Castle Street, Edinburgh, laying him £40 to 10s. win and £10 to 10s. place against Master Robert for the Grand National, returned it by registered post after the race, but could not obtain his winnings. At last he sent a reply-paid telegram asking for an explanation. This brought him an offer of £10 in full settlement, which he accepted on the supposition that the bookie was in difficulties. He was surprised to find the firm advertising inviting bets on future events. His experience should be a warning to others.

Once Bitten Twice Shy.

The British Electric Institute, of 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., are certainly not lacking in impudence. A reader in far-away Shanghai who some time ago experienced trouble with these magnetic mug-hunters and was compelled to threaten legal proceedings before they consented to refund his money, was recently astonished to receive further circulars blandly inviting him to purchase more of their appliances, with the same sort of guarantee as that which they had previously tried so hard to wriggle out of. But once bitten, twice shy. The British Electric Institute seem to have more stamps than sense.

Guarantees and Grab.

A reader bought a watch guaranteed for ten years from J. A. Davis & Co., Denmark Hill, London, S.E., but finding that it would not go returned it to them requesting that it should be put in proper working order. They replied with a demand for 3s. 6d. for repairs. When this payment was objected to in view of the guarantee and a request made for the return of the watch, they declared that it had been mislaid, and for six months or more they have remained in possession of both the watch and their customer's money. We have before noted the policy of grab pursued by this firm, and advise anyone who is troubled in this way to report the matter to the police.

A Joker on Kings

CIVILISATION revolves in cycles, declares a great scientist, who, thus elaborately puts the old adage that history repeats itself. The latest instance of this repetition comes from 59, Camden Road, London, where Edgar Carlton reigns more or less supreme.

Edgar is the modern version of Prehistoric Man who lived in the good old cave days. Prehistoric Man would crack the skull of his neighbour the while he murmured: "I don't mean to hurt you at all—I only want to correct your naughty ways."

Edgar started slinging ink and mud about in 1919; his first effusion being a pamphlet, "Permanent Universal Peace," which explained that wars are to kings and queens what the Cup Final is to the miners of Durham. This was followed by an open letter, "The Hidden Hand; Why the ex-Kaiser was not hung."

He has now followed these by a sixpenny booklet, "Reconstructing the World," and "A Manifesto showing how all Armaments can be abolished and permanent world peace established."

As the root of all evil Edgar places monarchs first and money as an "also-ran." According to him royal blood is really a murky, mucky liquid that is the fount-spring of crime, debauchery and insanity.

He froths at the mouth over the "horrible sewer of crimes and corruptions called monarchies," and concludes with the pious prayer that God will "save the people from kings and all other unclean monarchical monsters."

No offence meant, mind you, but he hopes to obtain "the desired results."

According to Edgar, they are a nasty nest of pestilential, parasitical perishers, these monarchical monsters. "Their crimes have been called justice; their insane desires, law; their degrading debaucheries, 'having a good time' . . . many of them have been atrocious criminals or insane."

It seems strange that we should have tolerated "that insane rotten muckheap of abominations, the monarchies," so long. But Edgar wants to save us from our own foolish long suffering. Not that he wants them decapitated or even exiled. He's nothing if not humane, is our Edgar. Don't smother 'em, he pleads—pension them off.

"All the monarchs now in power shall be respectfully invited to retire on large pensions." They shall give up their jewels, money, land and property, and in the case of our King a pension of £300,000 a year should be paid, with £50,000 to the Queen and £30,000 to each of their children. Awfully sweet of Edgar, isn't it?

Further, if the League of Nations desires it, Edgar would be prepared to join it and help it solve the world's problems. "Or I would gladly join any Government," he adds.

Now, who wants a jester?

Shilling Messages from Mars

WERE you born under a lucky star? Are you an embryo Charles Dickens or an immature Mussolini? There are many people ready to foretell your future. Their eyes are on the stars, but their hands are in your pockets!

THERE is a lady called Madame Astasia Astro, who lives at Astro Lodge—"The Guild of Occult Science"—39, Burton Road, London, S.W., who must find the world a great source of amusement. For her it must be a charming place, peopled with imbeciles who cheerfully pay her money for the privilege of hearing her talk nonsense.

Madame is an astrologist and she makes her money by informing people that the "stars can tell." You may need advice about your position, your health, your friends—perhaps even about your wife. "The stars can tell."

Unfortunately the stars are not very garrulous, perhaps because they are busy improving the shining hour, but they will apparently tell Madame Astro, who may be taken to be their deputy on earth.

You may suppose that Madame Astro is not particularly interested in your health, position, or even your wife. You would be right. She hands on the information from the stars to you—and charges you a fee just to add colour to what might otherwise be a bald and unconvincing narrative.

It is a great game. You send your money—not to the stars, who do the work, but to Madame Astro, and you have to take what you get. There is no use answering back to the stars. As Matthew Arnold says:

"For with joy the stars perform their shining
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll,"

but no poet has dared to suggest that the stars will bandy words with mere mundane folk.

To get the stars busy you have to send to Madame Astro the date of your birth. This saves the stars—busy things—a good deal of trouble. Then they tell Madame Astro all about you.

In the interests of our readers a gentleman was selected by us to invite a reading from Madame Astro. He was born on January 23, 1897.

This portentous fact was immediately revealed to the awe-stricken firmament by Madame Astro, who was promptly reminded by the heavens that on the same day of the year was born a great man, one Charles Dickens—who, from an errand-boy in a blacking factory, became one of the greatest novelists the world has ever known.

The implication is obvious. If our representative does not become a great novelist it will not be the fault of Madame Astro, but the unhappy consequence of his careless neglect to begin life in a blacking factory. Perhaps it is not too late for him—but that is his own affair.

He was further gratified by being told that he was "endowed with great *possibilities*," which, if Understood, Appreciated and Encouraged, could carry him to heights of Strength and Usefulness, and make him "Someone to be talked about."

Most people *are*, if Understood, Appreciated and Encouraged. The stars went on to tell him that "Placed in the Right Groove," he would *excel*, but if placed in the Wrong Groove his gifts might be wasted and perhaps Entirely Lost.

The same might be said about most other people, but it is no use reproaching the stars for lack of originality. Madame Astro, in any case, is in the right groove, and her gifts are not Entirely Lost.

Neither are her opportunities. She informed our representative that if he wanted to know How to Succeed, or to learn the *Inner Self* of a sweetheart, he could learn that too—for another and a larger fee.

You only pay a shilling for a hint to surpass Charles Dickens. But for the less glorious privilege of knowing the Inner Self of a sweetheart the fee may go up to a guinea. Perhaps there are more people who want success in love than in literature. The stars can tell.

This is the sort of bunkum and rubbish which Madame Astro and her kind—their name is legion—are selling to simple-minded dupes. They advertise on a large scale—an indication of their profits—and they sell cyclo-styled horoscopes, which saves the trouble of bothering the stars for individual replies.

In consequence, everybody born on Dickens Days is a prospective Dickens, and has Great Expectations or at least great possibilities, and is a Right Groover, and all that sort of easy tosh.

But what have the police got to say about it all? It is an offence under the Vagrancy Act to pretend to tell fortunes. But if you only tell your clients what the stars have told you—you are apparently immune. The police cannot arrest the stars. The King's writ does not run in the heavens, where the Astral fortune-teller winks at us, up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky.

No wonder Madame Astro, Vice-Gerent of the Planets and Chief Cashier to the Stars, finds the world a pleasant place. So do a great many others in her trade, with regard to some of whom we shall presently have something to say.

What an impudent, cynical, grasping crew, with their eyes on the stars—and their tongues in their cheeks—and their hands in our pockets!

An Unsealed Order

WHEN a public body, to escape its obligations, pleads a legal technicality that, if not obsolete, ought to be, it cannot expect its conduct to elicit applause.

Take the case of the Erith Urban District Council. This body, in the course of its public duties, had to build some houses for the working-classes. It therefore instructed its architect to prepare the necessary plans.

It authorised him to employ a quantity surveyor, in the ordinary way, to prepare a statement of the quantities of material, etc., that, would be required. The architect did so, and employed a Mr. Nixon, a well-known quantity surveyor, to do the work.

It was done. The figures were made out and used by the Council in getting the necessary estimates for the builders. But when Mr. Nixon sent in his bill—the Council refused to pay.

It did not allege that the work had not been well done, and had not been useful. It did not allege that the architect had agreed to pay too high a fee. It simply said that it would not pay—because the contract had not been sealed when it was made.

The law says that a contract over fifty pounds made by a public body must be sealed. The public body did not seal its contract. And it benefited by its omission, because it thereby avoided having to pay for work, ordered and used, and then simply ignored.

If this is law—and it is—obviously the law, as Bumble said, is a ass. The seal on a contract is an absurdity. It was invented in mediæval days when even gentlemen of position could not write and so signed documents with their seals, or signet ring, engraved with their coat-of-arms.

To-day most gentlemen can write, though all those who can write are not necessarily gentlemen. The seal is obsolete. But the Act has never been repealed; and along comes this Urban Council to profit by this vagary of old Father Antic, the law.

In a case like this judges can do nothing. They can only point out the facts and give judgment on them. There is no help for the victim.

We say that it is a scandal that a public body should be able to take the fruit of a man's work in this way and then refuse to pay for it.

If the law requires a seal, its use should be made compulsory and it should be a criminal offence for a public body to contract except under seal.

That would at least protect those who work for it. It would also prevent such a singularly unpleasant episode as this Erith case from being repeated.

All over the country people are working for public bodies. This important case ought to teach them to be on their guard.

A Labour Government might take this case in its stride and put the law in order.

The Hawkings of Hawkins

WE have constantly called upon the Government to tighten the law for the protection of the public from investment ramps. In this article we show why the authorities must introduce legislation without further loss of public money.

IT is a wise rule for a man who wishes to start in business not to do so on his own account, and without previous experience, but to go into partnership with somebody else who is already well established, and knows how to manage the trade of which he has become an acknowledged master.

That was the idea at the back of the mind of Mr. W. Domoney, of 29, Speenham Road, Brixton, London. An ex-soldier with a little capital, he decided to look for a partnership.

Through a business agency in the Strand he met a man named Walter Lucas Hawkins, who happened by accident to be in the business agent's office at the time, and who wanted a partner to help him in the extensive undertaking he carried on as Lucas and Co., Business and Estate Agents.

Lucas Hawkins turned out to be a pleasant fellow. He liked the ex-soldier, Domoney, and offered him a partnership for £450. But the ex-soldier could not spare £450. All he could spare was about £250 — and Hawkins got that out of him.

It was such a good investment according to Hawkins, who explained that he did not want money, as he had plenty, but wanted to be sure that his partner would have a similar interest in the business to his own.

Incidentally, he was thinking of buying a motor-car, as he was paying too much for hiring cars to take him about on his multiplicity of business deals. He said that he had an office in Regent Street, but as he had no one there to help him he did not use it much, but borrowed the business agent's office in the Strand. Lucas also had a business office at Luton, where he was well and favourably known. It sounded like a good thing for the ex-soldier, and he parted with his money.

Almost immediately disillusionment came. He found that Hawkins had not an office in Regent Street, but was thinking of taking one there; that he had not an office in London at all. But as soon as he got the ex-soldier's money he proceeded to hire a furnished office at 150, Strand.

Into this foothold in the great world of commerce the ex-soldier was duly installed, and he worked away vigorously at nothing for a couple of weeks, during which time Mr. Hawkins was too busy to turn up at business, except for a couple of hours.

The ex-soldier would have worked harder at nothing, despite the discouraging absence of Mr. Hawkins, if he had had such simple aids to business as letter headings and business cards. He hadn't any. But Hawkins ultimately got him some to get on with, and a typewriting machine and a telephone.

Thus equipped, the ex-soldier started bravely on his career. He did his best in the warfare of business, but he could find nothing to fire at. He was discouraged by the fact that the salary agreed to be paid to him stopped, that the typewriter was taken away by the firm that hired it out, that the telephone was cut off, that four weeks' wages were due to the charwoman, and that the only effective business he could find to do was putting off the gentleman who called about the rent.

He was told to hold on because somebody else was going to invest and become a partner, which would let him out. He saw the somebody else and spoke to him frankly like an ex-soldier, telling him that if he knew a better 'ole he had better go to it. Then he sued Mr. Hawkins for fraudulent misrepresentation and was awarded £400 damages, which he will now be busy endeavouring to collect.

He has, we may tell him, the handicap that Hawkins has had enough judgments against him to paper his office with. But he will have sympathy from some other people such as Mr. H. Wishart, who invested £100 with Mr. Hawkins on the investment-with-employment basis, and who has now nothing to do, complicated by the fact that he has nothing to draw in the way of the promised weekly salary. There are other dissatified investors whose names we have.

More than one of Hawkins' business transactions have been followed by court proceedings, and in one case Mr. Justice McCardie strongly criticised an agreement drafted by Hawkins, under which he was entitled to commission from both clients involved.

"A more extraordinary provision I never saw," said his lordship, "and I cannot imagine that either party appreciated that the man they were trusting was imposing the possible liability to pay £100 commission for work which could be measured by a few pounds only. I hope that never again shall I have occasion to condemn such a clause prepared by a man who is supposed to be the trusted agent of both sides."

Apart from his Strand office, Mr. Hawkins can be found at present at 12, High Street, Luton, where he runs a concern called the County Business Transfer Agency, and we do not advise anybody to have any dealings with him.

It is a scandal that money can be extracted from people for partnerships in a business run in this way, and we hope that after the outspoken revelations in this article something practical will be done by the authorities to put a stop to this travesty of real and sound business.

Crooked Roads to Riches

TO get rich quick is the ambition of many people and the achievement of few.

That, perhaps, is because enough people have not heard of a firm called F. Alexander & Co., 1, Loom Court, Blossom Street, London, E.1.

Alexander the Great wept because he had no more worlds to conquer. Alexander & Co. do not weep for any such negligible consideration. They simply invent a few more schemes, hurl them at the public, and anyone who wants to can take one.

Alexander & Co. are mail-order specialists. They teach you how to make money out of the mail-order business. You send them a couple of shillings—they do the rest.

In return for the two shillings they send you a present, say, a little tin butterfly brooch. But that is not all. Alexander the Great might propose to open the oyster of the world with his sword. Alexander & Co.'s clients are not expected to conquer the world with a tin brooch.

They also send a few typewritten tips as to how to start in the mail-order business. As an instance, you can advertise such a money-making secret as this:

"Hair Restored to Natural Colour. Harmless permanent home treatment. Prescriptions one-and-six."

It may be assumed that the grey-haired will send in their sixpences with avid eagerness.

To each and all you then give the prescription, so kindly prepared for you by Alexander & Co. It is as follows: One pint of strong black tea, ½ pint of spirits of rosemary, ½ pint of bay rhum, ½ pint of glycerine.

There you are. You hand on that precious information and keep the one-and-six. But that is not all. Alexander & Co. offer you other tips to be sold in the same way—for waving hair, for curing corns and dozens of things like that.

Moreover they tell you which papers to advertise in—such as the *Union Jack*, which no doubt has readers troubled with corns, and the *Model Engineer*, which may have model readers whose hair would be all the better for being waved, or darkened with the cup that cheers.

Having thus started on the royal road to wealth, unimpeded by corns or grey hair, you are helped with the encouraging words of Alexander & Co. They invite you to remember that 98 per cent. of the world's successful business men started from lowly stations in life, and high thoughts of that sort.

Perhaps the world might be even more happy if 100 cent. of business men were busy dyeing one another's hair with strong black tea. It is no fault of Alexander & Co. that they are not.

But people ought to think twice about these get-rich-quick schemes. There is only one test. If these schemes could make money they would do so for their originators—not for anybody else.

Bonds but no Bricks

A CORPORATION with a name like the English Estates Association, Limited, headquarters 10, Lancaster Place, Strand, W.C., has a very imposing title and might well be supposed to be dealing on a large scale with great estates and broad acres and valuable properties in big cities.

That, in any case, was the opinion formed of it by a Clapton postman with a prudent and saving idea of owning his house.

He saw an advertisement in a paper which said: "Buy your House—£5 10s. premium for each £100 entitles you to immediate advance of purchasing property; no delay." The advertisement was inserted by the English Estates Association.

It was, however, not very good English, but the postman not being a man of letters in any other sense, thought that it meant what it appeared to say—that if you bought one of its premium bonds you would be entitled to an immediate advance for the purchase of property.

He bought four premium bonds by paying £22, and then he asked for an advance to buy a house at £375. He did not get it. He found that the rules required him to pay £22 a year for some years before he would be entitled to apply for an advance.

In the circumstances we advise the postman, and any other people in a similar position, to apply to the Association for the return of their money on the ground that it was obtained from them by misleading representations.

We know of one case where a client went to Scotland Yard, and there he learned that many other complaints had been received about this concern, and after threatening legal proceedings he got half of his money back.

The alternative is to leave your money to mature as a completed bond or investment with this company. What security have you got that it will be there ten years hence?

The company was formed with a nominal capital of £5,000, of which less than £2,000 was actually subscribed. But the nominal capital has been increased to £25,000, and as it is a private company it is under no obligation to publish balance-sheets.

If people choose to invest their money in small private companies like this it is, we suppose, their own affair. But it is a scandal that the law should allow such companies to carry on a bond investment business, and it is an outrage that such companies should be permitted to obtain money by advertising their willingness to make immediate advances for house purchase, thus preying upon unfortunate people who desire to own their own homes.

The authorities wait for somebody to act, and in the meantime these companies are flourishing all over the country to the detriment of simple-minded and unwary people.

The First Rose of Summer

ONE sure sign of the advent of spring, the period of the year in which the thoughts of the ambitious young man turn to spotting winners, is the nerve of Ivy Rose. Ivy has tried her hand at spotting winners, for many years, and in spite of her many failures in this respect still clings, ivy-like, to the delusion that she was sent into the world to guide the footsteps of the poor punter.

Ivy is almost poetic in her attempts to commend herself as a prophet, and year after year her prose-poetry efforts are to be seen in many papers. Last year, for instance, the Clinging One was almost tearful in her entreaties to readers to set out with her on the high road to fortune.

According to her advertisements she knew just a few winners that could not be beaten in any circumstances.

Sad to relate, none of the good things predicted by Ivy were realised, and she herself is a permanent tribute to the fallibility of these infallible systems for beating the book, because after all these years of trying to make the fortune of punter clients on the "odds to a pound" basis, Ivy has to come up again this year with another attempt to extract cash from the gullible. And sad to say, the knowing lady who never fails to hear about all the good things going on the courses is apparently so far from having achieved fortune that she is now a hireling serving some one else.

That is plain from the advertisement she now broadcasts in the usual way. From this it seems that there is a philanthropist abroad, a man after Ivy's own heart. He knows all that is to be known about the plans of the different stables for the coming season—seems, indeed, to know more than the trainers and owners, particularly at Epsom.

But he is modest, like all philanthropists, and he shrinks from publicity. Therefore he appeals to prospective clients to address themselves to his secretary, and assures them that such communications as they send can count on the personal attention of that paragon. And the paragon is none other than "I. Rose, Lavender Cottage, Epsom, Surrey."

How poetic is that combination, but why should Ivy have faded away to "I."?

We venture to ask for the name of the philanthropist who is now employing the fair Ivy as his secretary. Why should he hide his identity? Why should he not come forward and tell us how it comes that he, who is in the confidence of stables eager to bring off coups, should be under the painful necessity of touting for "mugs" to back his fancies for him?

There is something mysterious about the whole business, and until the mystery is cleared up the best advice we can give those likely to be charmed by the prose poetry of Ivy Rose of Lavender Cottage, is to keep their money.

A Book that Should be Burnt

THE purity of the coming generation is a sacred and valuable thing. That an insidious attempt is being made to debauch it with immoral sex teachings we show clearly in this article. Parents must be on their guard!

FOR some considerable time we have commented on the secret efforts of the Communists to undermine the loyalty and the patriotism of the coming generation by teaching in "Red" Sunday-schools all kinds of seditious principles.

There is a sinister side to this corrupting of the minds of the nation's youth.

In connection with the Communist Sunday-schools a penny leaflet is sold under the title of "Proletcult—a magazine for boys and girls," which stinks of the usual vulgar atheism and anarchy that is the Communists' sole claim to notoriety.

One of the chief writers in this "magazine" is Margaret Dobson, who poses as "The Child's Marx," and the child-readers of their mucky-minded Marx are urged to get from the same office and by the same writer "Sex Knowledge," a 64-page book.

"Sex Knowledge" is 30,000 words of filth. The ignorant and ungrammatical authoress addresses her remarks to an imaginary little girl named "Rosa," and to her she imparts the most vile knowledge that is sufficient to make even the most *blasé* adult blush with shame.

She explains to her child-readers the details of various forms of sexual perversion; she elaborates the very act of sexual intercourse, embroiders prostitution with picturesque political views, and goes into the most minute details of married life.

Margaret Dobson knows no limit of pruriency. She deliberately applauds immorality, excuses prostitution, and advocates free love. There is a dialogue between a man and his doctor, the latter being made to say, "That is splendid," when the man admits that he had betrayed an innocent girl a dozen times before he was married.

This child-poisoner advocates "a free sexuality which would be a love sexuality." She draws a fearsome picture of a withered, decrepit woman and says, "This is the price of chastity for the maiden."

"A love-child," she urges, "does not need to be born in wedlock," and after speaking contemptuously of chastity and morality, she says: "If women are to live they must break down these false ethics; they must claim the right to fulfil the law of their own nature if they so desire it.

"There is no reason why a girl should not be allowed the delight of enjoying sexual intercourse before she is married. The girls of the proletariat are quite willing to run this risk, and in this I think they are sound judges."

The book is full of matter which must inevitably poison the virgin minds of the children to whom it is addressed. That is the point that must be stressed; the fact that while her book carries a sub-heading, "For Parents," it is directly addressed to a child.

She goes out of her way to urge the parent to pass the book on to the children. Nor are any precautions taken to see that the book is sold to adults only.

It is advertised in the "magazine for boys and girls." It is sent out indiscriminately to whoever sends the necessary 6d. In fact, the copy in our hands was sent to a boy of fourteen with a covering letter: "Our aim is education, not notoriety. I shall be pleased to have your opinion after you have read it."

It will be seen by the foregoing extracts that deliberate blows are being aimed at the sanctity of family life and the chastity and virtue of our girls. Prostitution is excused, marriage is sneered at: "We question its beauty; we question its morality."

We are sure that these blows aimed at divine institutions are not countenanced by the official Labour Party; they do, however, provide a startling parallel for the outrages of public morality and ethics that marked the coming of the Bolshevik Government in Russia. And as our Government has now recognised that of Russia, we are justified in asking Mr. MacDonald openly to repudiate these teachings by the Communistic sections of the Left wing.

It is strange that these "advanced thinkers" couple political rebellion with moral perversion. A certain George B. Mason advertises a book for sale. This same man, it appears, is a bookselling agent whose business is mainly concerned with the sale of books on sex matters and "advanced" politics.

He sends out a respectable book which is a plea in favour of twilight sleep, but enclosed in it is a selection of sheets too disgusting for description in this journal. Care is never taken to ensure that this class of literature reaches only adult hands and minds.

Our contention is that the laws governing obscene literature are too loosely constructed. We call on the Labour Home Secretary to introduce legislation that will bring to book deliberate mind-poisoners of the type exposed in this article.

The purity of the coming generation is too sacred to be debauched.

Welcoming 'Em In

THERE is something radically wrong with the law in regard to the admission of aliens to this country, and the matter is so serious that it cries aloud for immediate attention.

It is surely bordering on the farcical when alien crooks are able to snap their fingers at magistrates' deportation orders by the simple expedient of tearing up any papers they may have relative to their country of origin. It is far worse when a notorious crook who has thrice been ordered for deportation, and actually wants to leave this country, cannot be got out because no country will acknowledge him.

A case in point is that of David Becker, a Polish Jew, who claims to hail from the town of Pitebsh. According to Becker this town has a population of 100,000 souls, but neither the Polish nor the British Government have been able so far to locate it, and until they do so or establish the birthright of Becker, he must stay in this country to carry on his merry game of swindling the public.

And, strange to say, Becker wants to leave the country, but nobody will let him, and thus it happens that though two London magistrates who ordered his deportation, before a similar order emanated from a Manchester magistrate, have now been joined by the Leeds Bench in ordering Becker to go.

And David is not alone. In the last three years magistrates have issued 194 deportation orders that have not been executed for just the same reasons as operate in the case of David Becker.

It is notorious that we have more alien criminals than any other country in the world. It is notorious also that these crooks are only here because we have not taken the trouble to establish their nationality and, therefore, are unable to insist on their deportation to any particular country.

Why should we go on admitting people of doubtful antecedents to this country without taking the slightest precaution against fraud of this kind? Our agents abroad should be instructed to insist on production of clear evidence of nationality before a visa is granted for travel to England, and no one should be allowed to land unless their nationality has been established beyond challenge, and acknowledged by the country of origin.

It is patent that some countries are keen on losing their undesirable citizens by the simple trick of allowing them to come to England and lose their nationality. We should not play into their hands. It is the easiest thing in the world for a *bona-fide* traveller to produce evidence establishing his nationality beyond question.

The whole system of handling alien immigrants is wrong, and the sooner the authorities put it right the better. Otherwise we shall have many David Beckers being maintained at the expense of the community in prison or out of it.

MY RAY OF DEATH

by H. GRINDELL-MATTHEWS

(Inventor of the Death Ray)

WAR will cease when mankind has no necessity for it, says the writer. The necessity will not exist when the nations of the world can settle their peoples down in comfort without overcrowding, or its attendant evils—unemployment, ill-health, etc. The dominant nation of the world will be the State that has discovered the secret of temporary sterilisation, and makes use of its discovery.

Mr. H. GRINDELL-MATTHEWS

IT is an uncomfortable fact that science is not provided with so many opportunities to function in civil life as in warfare. The Great War called into service more scientific measures than the whole of an ordinary century. And in these later days, when existence is but a stone's-throw from the torments and tortures of that war, the scientific minds of the world are grappling with the potentialities of a war waged around the cauldrons of the chemists' laboratories.

Scientists and chemists find that war provides them with their greatest opportunity. Modern warfare translates scientific invention into terms of gilded rewards, while the offspring of an inventor's mind seems to have very little commercial value in peace time.

Not that this need be so. I am thoroughly convinced that it pays a nation to beat its scientific swords into ploughshares: that it is a *better business proposition* for the nation to provide inventors with an incentive to turn their science into constructive rather than destructive channels.

* * *

TAKE my latest invention—the electrical conductivity of a ray of light, which has been popularly named the Ray of Death, whereas it is really a Ray of Hope. It is generally assumed that this is a potent agent of destruction; an eminent physician, however, is of opinion that I can adapt this for the wonderfully beneficial purpose of curing cancer.

Of this I make no rash promise, but bearing in mind the countless sufferers from this disease, I do not hesitate to say that if my Ray can be utilised for the cauterisation of the cancerous growth I should be failing in my duty to humanity were I not to prosecute this end wholeheartedly.

In view of the fact that the exigencies of war imposed the greatest demands on scientific invention, it is not right nor just to blame scientists and chemists who, from patriotic or any other reasons, concentrate on the production of destructive forces.

* * *

IT is childish to curse effects: it is statesmanlike to remove causes. And if war is the opportunity for science to reveal itself in an apparently malevolent aspect, it is more to the point to remove the possibility of war.

What explains the existence of modern wars? War is only indirectly the result of a spirit of national aggrandisement or of aggression, or of national envy. *Directly, it is the result of over-population.*

Germany finds its population exceeding its geographical capacity. She sighs for "fresh worlds to conquer," in order to provide a settling-place for her excess sons and daughters. This biological fact will be found at the root of all the wars of the twentieth century.

* * *

AN over-populated nation becomes a nation with desires after empire. And as few of the sites of the world's settling-places are "to let," other nations' territories must be obtained at the edge of the sword—or, to be more modern, at the mouth of the Lewis gun. Hence war.

And so the brain of the scientist is conscribed together with the bodies of raw recruits and the souls of their war-wearied mothers. Liquid fire, poison gas, tear-shells, mines and a fiendish catalogue of other scientific inventions are bracketed with tanks, submarines and artillery as weapons of destruction.

If the world wants no more weapons of scientific destruction then the world must do away with war. This will not be done by a League of Nations, no matter how good their intentions may be. So long as each nation has its own individual temperament and mental characteristics just so long will they be unable to see eye-to-eye with one another.

Therefore, the present League of Nations will not be able to pronounce the Burial Service over War. But I want to point out the way which leads to a warless world. It is via scientific birth control.

* * *

WAR will cease when mankind has no necessity for it—the necessity will not exist when the nations of the world can settle their peoples down in comfort, without overcrowding or its attendant evils—unemployment, evil housing, poor food, little money, defective health, etc. And if ever a race is to become the dominating nation in the world it will be the State that has discovered the secret of partial or temporary sterilisation, and makes use of its discovery.

At present sterilisation is useless—except in the cases of mental deficients and hereditary criminals—because its effect is permanent. But it is conceivable to my scientific mind that a method of temporary sterilisation will be discovered. Then, I say, that is the wise and the winning nation who adopts and adapts this.

* * *

MY "Ray of Hope" is capable of killing a man or an army, and of stopping a motor or an aeroplane. Alternatively, it can be regulated in intensity so that the human object at whom it is directed is benumbed and rendered unconscious; in this way a body of men could easily and painlessly be taken prisoners. It is far more effective than a machine gun, as it kills a man instantaneously, painlessly and cleanly.

Possessing this secret, it is obvious that a nation will be immune from attack because no other nation dare approach its frontiers aggressively either by land, by sea or by air.

I might add, in passing, that the value of this Ray has been very readily recognised by foreign Powers, both their Press and their representatives having addressed me on the subject several times during the past month. This is in significant contrast to our own Government, who is, unfortunately, hampered by the same pedants who ridiculed the idea of wireless telegraphy forty years ago.

* * *

I HAVE sought to prove that it is to science that the world has to turn for release and relief from its problem of perpetual war. It is the scientists' "Ray" that can cure war; it is the scientists' method of birth control that can prevent war.

Being a humanitarian even before I am a scientist, I am inclined to prefer prevention to cure.

And for this very good reason: the economic and social condition of the world to-day renders life a gauntlet so fierce and biting that to run it is a terrible ordeal.

Bearing in mind the fact that the more the world's population is forced up the sooner will come the next war, when science will lift the lid off hell and wipe out races, are parents justified, in order to secure personal pleasure and gratification, in bringing children into the world indiscriminately?

* * *

THERE is this also to be said: if science does not depopulate the world either by birth control or by war, Nature herself will restore human life to her own true average. She may do this by a series of plagues, each of which will probably receive some fanciful name in just the same way as the most recent plague was called "Spanish Flu."

This plague girdled the world—it was the disease on which the sun never set—it raged from the tropics to the arctic regions and even wiped out a complete Eskimo tribe. It almost decimated the world's population. Who is to say that this was not an act of an outraged Nature?

Science can be either benevolent or malevolent. It can destroy or construct. I have in my laboratories numerous inventions capable of commercial use. I have a tone-wheel that can reproduce any and every musical work with the skill of an orchestra, and the tonal quality of a grand organ.

I have also an invention for combining the sounds of a drama with its pictorial reproduction so that films can be absolutely and flawlessly accompanied by vocal action. In fact, I venture to predict that in ten years time the present silent film will be as dead as Tutankhamen.

There are forces of Nature that no scientist has yet attempted to explore, much less harness to the world's needs. Applied science is only gradually struggling into its own. It is a melancholy reflection that it took the world's bloodiest war to do this, and that it is the war of the future that is even now providing it with the necessary incentive.

* * *

BUT there is something to be grateful for even in that. Out of the strong came forth sweetness, and just as I advocate the abolition of the death penalty in order that the living bodies of convicted murderers might be used for anatomical experiments and scientific research, so I also believe that out of the evil of war the great good of science applied to human needs can come.

And this is highly necessary, for when one looks at the involved nature of life to-day one is tempted to wonder whether we are not reaching the limits of our civilisation. The nervous tension at which the modern man has to exist, the rate at which the world has to live, must soon reach snapping-point.

And our civilisation will go the way of the others that have appeared, during the last eight or ten thousand years, all the way from Eastern Asia to Europe and Northern Africa.

* * *

OUR evolution has been exceedingly rapid; our tempo is now unhealthily fast. So long as men and women are able to support it the structure is secure, but I fancy the burden of our civilisation will soon be too heavy for our backs and the time will come when the retrogressive movement will set in. When I hear of hunted stags jumping into the sea to avoid the "sportsmen," I begin to think that time has come.

From the retrogression that ends in oblivion, science, applied to human needs, can save our civilisation.

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

These babes forlorn with grief are torn,
From home they've wandered far
And can't get back—they've lost the track
And "dunno where they are."

Now Italy cries bitterly
If we'll forgive her debt,
For friendship's sake she'll try and make
An effort to forget.

It's time we woke this drowsy "bloke"
And shook him into slickness;
For who can hope with drugs and dope
To cure a sleeping sickness.

"It's not a bit of use to sit
For years out here," growls John;
"I'd take it kind in fact to find
My occupation gone!"

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

A LITTLE while ago I was responsible for the statement that Mr. Maxton was the wildest of the wild men from the Clyde. Whereupon that doughty warrior made a speech denying the impeachment. "I am not a wild man," he said in effect, "I simply want to get things done, and not all the parliaments in the world will stop me!" Well, well; I suppose there are several ways of getting things done, and his, in my opinion, is the wild way.

I HOPE Mr. William Graham will not think it necessary to address his constituents as a result of my statement that he is a tame man. He is no more like Mr. Maxton than Edinburgh is like Glasgow. They have hardly a single point in common. And one merely has to conceive Maxton completely demaxtonised in order to get a life-like picture of Graham.

Sedate, proper, respectable, with a grave countenance and black clothes of formal cut, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury resembles rather an elder of the Kirk than a Member of Parliament. His slow, methodical manner of speech, and the suggestion in his carriage of burdensome responsibility, accentuate the resemblance. For many years now he has been slogging away at economics and science, and the list of university honours he has achieved in that line is both imposing and illuminating.

HE is a born figure-faddist with the mind of a lecturer. In a manner that vividly recalls the class-room, he pours out an unending stream of data. He has a memory for details that is really quite disheartening. You begin to wonder whether he is human after all. He almost converts you to a belief in Robots.

After a vain attempt to discover whether there is anything in the world of facts that he hasn't mastered, you decide that the only alternative to blowing your own brains out as an incurable ignoramus is to blow *his* brains out as an equally incurable know-all!

Needless to say, he is thought a devil of a lot of by his Party. A man who *knows* things is invariably regarded by Labour as a great asset, and when a "Second Sidney" comes along (the reference is to Mr. Webb) he is naturally received with open arms and assured of a job the moment there is a job to offer.

BY political prophets he is already marked down for the Chancellorship. He has the right temperament as well as the necessary knowledge for the post. Studious by nature, he loves work with a passion that is almost religious. The science of economics is his chief subject. Throughout his life he has felt a "call" to public service; and he has always made a business of living.

Mr. William Graham, M.P.

AS a Fabian he doesn't believe in rushing things. Everything must be ordered and done in a calm, quiet, constitutional manner. The saviours of the community are the philosophers. The dangers to the community are the firebrands. He represents that thoughtful, abstemious, slow-going and solid middle-class which (we are told) is the backbone of the British race—represents it so well that he is more like an institution than a man!

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

A Reminder for Ramsay

by HARRISON OWEN

WHEN charged with showing an undemocratic disregard of the rights of the Bull public by withholding pledges to which they were legitimately entitled, Ramsay MacDonald, wearing a "court" costume of plus-fours, announced that he could not plead without consulting the Cabinet and the Clyde caucus.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., directed attention to a speech made by the Prime Minister at York, in which, stating that he had made up his mind to give pledges to nobody, he went on to sum up his political philosophy in these words: "Never give a pledge, never say you will do anything, but within reason always keep people expecting you are going to do it."

"I do not know if this is merely an example of Scotch caution," commented counsel, "but I must point out that certain pledges have already been given by the accused otherwise he would not be in the position which he now pleads to be allowed to occupy for another two or three years, on the ground that it would be wrong to burden the country with a General Election at an earlier date. Admittedly the country is not anxious for another outburst of blither and bunkum, a saturnalia of lies and loquacity like that to which it was subjected a few months ago, but the professed anxiety of the accused to save us from another election is apt to look too much like a desire to save his own bacon, if, in the meantime, he is content with propaganda rather than progress.

"What many who are neither Fascisti fanatics nor Die Hard dupes cannot understand is why the Government has not made more impressive attempts to carry out pledges in regard to such urgent matters as housing and unemployment. With the workless waiting for work and the houseless for homes, there is an unpleasant and unexpected suggestion of cynicism in the advice to 'always keep people expecting you are going to do something.' Great expectations cannot be cooked and eaten or used for keeping out rain."

FOR the defence, Mr. Strawsplitter urged that the words complained of merely amounted to the plea: "Give us time," though not, of course, the sort of "time" the learned judge was in the habit of awarding delinquents. The Minister of Education had stated that if the Government remained in office for five years most of its programme would be realised. Neither Rome nor Wembley was built in a day, and it was not fair to expect a man burdened with the responsibilities of the Prime Minister to be constantly fooling about with pledges as if he were a pawnbroker.

Expressing agreement with the recommendation to mercy which accompanied the jury's verdict of "Guilty," Mr. Justice Bull said that no reasonable person had expected the prisoner to produce elephants from his hat immediately upon his taking office. "Nevertheless," added the judge, "I think the public is entitled to expect at least a couple of social reform rabbits. If the prisoner has nothing in his hat but flowers of speech and ribbons of phrases, it is difficult to imagine wherein his Government is superior to others. I have no wish to deal harshly with the prisoner, but to prove to him that procrastination is the thief of money as well as of time, I must order that he pay a fine of a bawbee an hour until such time as he gets a move on and inspires us to exclaim 'Great Scott!'"

THE BOY FROM FAGIN'S KITCHEN

by W. PETT RIDGE

PRISONS can make or mar, and here the writer discusses the problem of reform, giving many human stories from actual experience. There can be no time in the life of a man when he needs friends so urgently as on the day that he leaves prison. All the new gentler methods adopted inside are of little avail if he comes out to find a world which scowls at him.

Mr. W. PETT RIDGE,
the famous humorist, who is also a humanist and prison visitor.

THERE is a silly kind of question that always annoys me: the kind that cannot be replied to either in the negative or the affirmative because the reply would be so sweeping as to convey a grotesque impression. Among this class of idiotic question I place the one that was set me: "Does prison reform?"

To say "Yes" or to say "No" would be to answer wrongly. In fact I am not sure that there is any general reply at all. Prison, like all other adversities, has a different effect on different men. Just as the death of a child will send some men to drink and others to the Salvation Army, so prison will confirm some men in their iniquity and correct others from it.

And the reason for this is not with the prison but with the man. In this respect circumstance does not affect the man so much as man affects the circumstance.

In the course of many months visiting H.M. prisons and conversing with their pitiable inmates, I have come to the conclusion that a period of imprisonment has "turned some to righteousness." And I must confess that it is on these reclamations that I like my mind most to dwell. Let me record a few that I have come across.

* * *

George Makes Good.

GEORGE, in his cell, broke down when I first looked in upon him. An unusual incident this: I have an idea that sensitive prisoners keep their tears for the depressing hours of the early morning. The explanation was that George had once, as a schoolboy, taken a share in a minor pageant of London with which I helped, and he guessed, apparently, that recognition would be mutual.

He had to serve six months for an offence committed near Tottenham Court Road. His mother died a year before.

"Thank God, she didn't know," said George fervently. His best friend was an elderly landlady, and he wished me to call on her, and report that he was keeping well.

I found the landlady at a good house in a highly respectable neighbourhood, and she supplied me with additional particulars. Alluding to herself as "chapel," and evidently a woman of precise surroundings, she declared that in a long illness from which she suffered George waited on her, "hand and foot"; that amongst the other lodgers he had always been deservedly popular, and that his room was being kept for him. The striking detail was that she held a belief in his innocence which George himself did not share.

George, free now, and back at his former address, is earning three pounds ten a week, and tells me he is endeavouring to forget all about his term of imprisonment.

"But I wish," he says thoughtfully, "I wish I didn't dream about it quite so often!"

* * *

Their Son's Reputation.

I MEET cases where home folk manage, by determined ingenuity, to conceal the actual cause of a lad's absence from home, and thus enable him to make a new start. Take the affair of William, who served three months for stealing a watch by a trick.

William's father, for thirty years in the same employment and regarded with esteem by all, told inquisitive neighbours that William was travelling for a firm in the north: William's mother displayed picture post-cards alleged to have come from him.

There was a young sister, specially fond of her brother, and not in the secret, and when William's birthday arrived much strategy had to be used in order that the addressing of her gift could be left to her parents. I have watched few more touching sights than the resolve of these two people to defend the reputation of their son.

William was, at first, inclined to take matters jauntily. "Bit of hard luck. No use grousing. Have to take the rough with the smooth in this world."

Until—the space of eight weeks having elapsed—the mother made a visit to the prison, and William's assurance went and penitence took its place.

In leaving, he was met by her. The good soul had the thoughtfulness to bring a newly-purchased suit in a brown leather case, and attired in these garments he was able to reach home with a magnificence calculated to support the view that business in the north had been remarkably good.

William tells me he is doing well with his father's employers.

* * *

The Mother who Died.

IT is not always the effect of the cold cell and the colder outlook that causes men to get a grip on themselves and turn their wandering feet back into the "straight and narrow." It may be something that has happened in the outside world.

There was Dick—a real bad lad. Dick had graduated in a Fagin's kitchen, and before he was eighteen was the head of a gang of lads who had mastered all the intricacies of lock-picking. But the gang lost its chief, and the sequel was "twelve months' hard."

For weeks I visited Dick before I managed to get anywhere near his heart. Then one Monday morning he opened out a little:

"Look 'ere, mister; there's a job yer might do fer me. Would yer go and see me mother at So-and-so Street? She'll be down in the mouth pritty bad wiv me in 'ere, an' yer could cheer 'er up a bit if yer told 'er that I'm orl right . . ."

She was the very opposite of what I expected. Her hair was silky-white, her bearing genteel, her hands soft and slender. But her face—the mark of the next world was unmistakable. And three months later she died.

I would sooner have paid a man £100 to have told Dick the news; but it was my task and so I did it.

"Dead, guvnor?" he echoed. "*Dead?* . . ."

And I left him moaning: "An' she died wiv me in 'ere!"

When next I saw Dick I took him a photograph of the grave. He crouched on his stool like a whipped cur.

"Streuth!" he hissed at last, "an' me in 'ere." Then, after a pause: "Well, that's done it, guvnor. I'm on the straight fer keeps now."

We chatted it over. He was determined to go straight. And I undertook to get him fixed up in a decent job. But I shall never forget that painful moment when Dick again declared he was going "on the straight," concluding with "D'yer fink she'll know, guvnor?"

* * *

What a Baby can Do!

ON the same lines I recall the reform of another fellow. I remember Charles because, in regard to books supplied for his perusal in the cell, he mentioned that he liked Jack London's, and the funny bits out of Spurgeon's sermons; a wide taste which might well be imitated.

Charles, arrived at man's estate, married, and, for a less desirable adventure, was doing six months. Charles' wife was, as the phrase goes, "expecting," and, to appease his genuine anxiety, I had to make several calls at Walthamstow ere I found myself able to tell him that he was the father of a baby boy. Always a well-behaved prisoner, Charles' deportment now became little short of perfect.

"No more pottering about on enclosed premises for me," said Charles. "I've done with it!"

Someone who was interested in Charles and is now keeping an eye on him, sends me the information that Charles is in good work. I am not certain that prison is entitled to all the credit for this; detachment from home at a time when a new arrival was looked for may have influenced the cure.

* * *

Not a Dismal Jimmy!

JAMES was a bachelor, and, consequently, exempt from these trials.

He had had no luck since he went to live at Hoxton, and was determined, once at liberty, to settle down in another quarter of London. "I don't like the constituency," said James.

He rented one room, with furniture of his own, and the key of it was with the police in Cloak Lane. There existed a small nephew (an orphan and James' only relative), and the agony of mind James suffered was all in regard to the furniture which he desired to leave some day to this nephew. On the evening before his discharge he delivered to me something like an oration.

"Been properly treated I have in here," he said, "and one or two of the officers have shown actual kindness. I've been paid out for what I did, and the warning is not to be such a damned fool as to to do it again."

James has a small shop now, and when he chances to see me pass by he is warm in his greetings. I feel sure the impression created on neighbours is that he and I were at Eton together. Or Borstal!

* * *

THERE can be no time in the life of a man when he needs friends so urgently as on the day that he leaves prison. All the new rules and gentler methods adopted inside the high walls are of little avail if he comes out to find a world which scowls at him. He, like Crainquibille may yearn to go back.

A higher argument may be found in the command that we love one another.

Candid Communication

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities).

To the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., 10, Downing Street.

MY DEAR PREMIER,—I notice with regret and some concern your absence from the opening of the Wembley Exhibition. Your explanation is, of course, satisfactory as far as it goes, but I cannot help feeling that on an occasion such as this, when the eyes of the entire world were on Britain, that the presence of the Prime Minister was essential. I know you are over-worked, but I should have thought such an occasion of Empire was a more important function than a public meeting at York, which you felt compelled to attend merely because someone had previously drawn your name in a ballot! JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. D. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., House of Commons.

SIR,—It must be very irritating to find that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is more concerned with the attempted solution of the problem holding back his country's progress than with carrying out your own ideas. I have taken due notice of your threat to turn him out unless he forthwith acts only under your orders. So has the electorate. When *you* had the power, you signally failed to solve these problems. I suspect you are tired of being in the political wilderness, and are anxious once more to find yourself in Downing Street. But beware of using any such petty intrigue to achieve your end. Otherwise the country will hold you to account. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. T. J. MACNAMARA, M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR "MAC,"—Just a line to congratulate you on the great fight you are putting up for the ex-ranker officers, who, after splendid services in the war, have been treated with stingy neglect by the War Office. It is not pleasant to think of officers who held high positions in the Army, after graduating from the ranks, sent back into civil life with pensions of half-a-crown a day. If this wrong is righted it will be largely thanks to you. JOHN BULL.

To LORD DARLING, 81, Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7.

MY LORD,—I am glad that your acute intellect is being brought to bear upon the age-long problem of insanity and crime. As far as I can judge, the provisions of the Bill you are introducing into the House of Lords seem to be both wise and humane. No civilised nation wants to harry lunatics. At the same time the safeguards for human life and security must be jealously preserved. Your Bill, recognising these two principles, should win ready assent from Parliament. Certainly you could make no better use of your learned leisure. JOHN BULL.

A. L. PURCELL, Esq., M.P., House of Commons.

SIR,—You have just been appointed Chairman of the Special Emergency Committee of the Trade Union Congress, to watch developments in the Building Trade dispute. The fatal tendency in Labour disputes is to delay action until a strike has taken place. I trust you will on this occasion use all your influence to avert a strike, rather than wait to patch it up after it has broken out. Incidentally, you will be employing your time better than by endeavouring to make out a case for the retention of the McKenna duties, and the fallacious arguments of the Coventry motor trade. JOHN BULL.

To CLIFFORD ALLEN, Esq., Chairman, Independent Labour Party.

SIR,—I am not always in agreement with your Socialist theories, but when you condescend to be practical your arguments command a respectful hearing. You are certainly right in demanding that industrial troubles should be dealt with, not in the present hand-to-mouth fashion, but by means of a National Commission, whose duty it would be to inquire into the whole question of work and wages, and to report to Parliament upon the measures necessary to secure for British industry the priceless boon of peace. JOHN BULL.

UP THE MAYPOLE—Introducing Mr Philip Snowden and his entertainers.

To the Rt. Hon. JOHN WHEATLEY, M.P., Minister of Health.

SIR,—I am glad you recognise the cost of living as the most urgent of our social problems. I only wish you would take your gloves off and declare for a fight to the finish against the profiteers. Until prices are brought down mere increases of money wages are a sham and a delusion, and there will be no cure for industrial unrest. JOHN BULL.

To ALFRED LUGG, Esq., Secretary, Actors' Association.

SIR,—Your Association does good work in protecting underpaid and ill-treated artistes. It is going quite wrong when it proposes to restrict entrance into the profession. The door open to talent must ever be the motto of any profession in any of the arts. It is absurd to ask eminent tragedians to decide how many people may join in cabaret shows or pierrot troupes. Those who practise an art have an interest in stopping competition. JOHN BULL.

To INGLEBY ODDIE, Esq., Lambeth Coroner.

SIR,—I hope you will do as you threatened and summon a jury to prefer a charge of negligence, in certain eventualities, against the hospital authorities. A man with a broken leg and a battered skull was taken in the ambulance to King's College Hospital, kept there an hour or two, and then sent to Lambeth Infirmary, as the hospital had no vacant bed for such an accident case. It should have. It should either keep such beds—as a duty to the public—or notify the ambulance authorities that it has not got them. Stop this scandal if you can. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Rev. Dr. W. PERRIN, Bishop of Willesden.

MY LORD, — You are certainly right in saying that Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square are the worst places in England for vice and the temptation of youth—whether or not they are worse now than they were thirty years ago. As you say, the London police are the finest body in the world for some things, but in this matter they are astonishingly supine. The public wants this traffic in vice stopped. No doubt it is encouraged by sweating girl workers in West End shops. But the police must not excuse themselves by blaming the sweaters. They must act. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

SIR,—Why do you maintain secrecy regarding unclaimed dividends on Government stocks? A Parliamentary return shows that on January 4, 1924, these amounted to £286,546, and it is obvious that the accumulated value of these unclaimed stocks and dividends must be very large indeed, yet no list of stockholders has been issued for nearly eighty years. Many poor people may be suffering terrible hardships, perhaps even dying in destitution, who might be passing rich but for this extraordinary reticence. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. VERNON HARTSHORN, M.P., Postmaster-General.

SIR,—I frequently have occasion to call attention to the disquietingly large amount of swindling which goes on in connection with mail-order businesses run by rogues who advertise cash-with-order bargains and fail to supply goods which have been paid for. A sure method of reducing the ill-gotten gains of these thieves lies in your hands in the establishment of a cash-on-delivery parcel post service. The system has been worked for years in India with great benefit to the large community there who have of necessity to do much of their shopping by post, and there is no reason why it should not prove equally successful in this country. Please give the matter your earnest consideration. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

THOSE TWENTY-EIGHT DUKES!

Ladder of Knowledge

ADDRESSING the Independent Labour Party's conference at York, the Minister of Education made an arresting pronouncement. If the Labour Party remain in office for five years, he tells us, there will be a clear ladder for every child of ability from the primary school to the University.

For the sake of such an achievement, we could gladly wish the Government its five years' lease of power, for to a great extent the destinies of a modern State depend upon the education of its citizens. No true civilisation can endure, no real progress can be made, except from an educated people.

It is useless to expect a half-educated people to rise to the height of a great argument or to search out the secrets of prosperity and peace. We pride ourselves on our democracy. Not yet, however, can we boast an educated democracy.

Mr. Trevelyan means to change all this. We congratulate him upon his far-sighted plans and above all upon the enthusiasm he brings to his great task. The Ministry of Education is the most important post in the Cabinet. At last the Minister at the head of it is not a titled nincompoop or a cast-off political hack, but a man of intense moral earnestness who realises that the most precious of our national assets is in his keeping.

It is high time that the national educational system ceased to be the scapegoat of narrow-minded economists. Only by training her people to think, by developing the brain-power of her citizens, can Britain retain her proud place among the nations.

Humanising Industry

NOTHING is more vexing than to see a good plan spoilt in the execution. The Trade Boards Act is a case in point, excellent in theory but defective in practice.

For one thing, the operation of the Act, designed to put an end to the evil of sweating, is far too limited. It has been applied only to notorious sweating industries, like shirt-making; whereas in point of fact there is a very large number of less-known businesses in which the cruellest underpayment of labour and the vilest conditions persist unchecked.

There ought to be a Trade Board in every business in which the workers are not sufficiently well-organised to protect themselves, and, we would add, in every industry in which women or children are employed. The Trade Boards have achieved excellent results. Their scope should be extended, when their usefulness will be enormously enhanced.

Manless Land for Landless Man

NATIONALISATION is the bogey of politics, With State-controlled railways, mines and land, our country might have a chance of getting back to the fair way of prosperity, instead of languishing in poverty.

IT is a misfortune that "nationalisation" should have become one of the parrot-cries of Party politics. The result has been to arouse much unnecessary alarm and grossly to mislead the public mind.

Nationalisation is not necessarily a bad thing. Nor is it necessarily a good thing. The mistake the Socialists make is in thinking that all businesses ought to be nationalised. There are many industries which could not possibly be managed by the State; others would derive immense advantage.

Consider the position of our British railways. After all, a railway is merely a special sort of road for the speedy transport of passengers and goods, and it is no more reasonable for private individuals to own, say, the Great Western Railway than it would be if a commercial syndicate owned Oxford Street.

The recent grouping of railways into four big companies, in place of the one hundred and fifty concerns which formerly scrambled for profit, has been of distinct benefit to the public. The next step is for the nation to insist that the railways shall be run, not for private profit, but for public advantage. Properly managed, the railway system should be a prime factor in the development of trade and industry.

WE need not be afraid of the bogey of "nationalisation." In 1918, Mr. Lloyd George declared himself in favour of the State ownership of railways and canals. At a still earlier date, Mr. Winston Churchill strongly advocated the nationalisation of railways.

Since then the Labour Party has emerged, and for Party reasons these two Liberal politicians have seen fit to abandon their earlier convictions; but the case for the nationalisation of railways and canals is stronger than ever it was.

After studying the subject in all its bearings, we are forced to the conclusion that if the railway system were organised on a real national basis, it would be possible to arrange cheaper fares and freights, and thus enhance British trade prosperity.

In regard to the coal-mining industry, there is an equally good case for nationalisation. In 1919 a Royal Commission, presided over by Mr. Justice Sankey, reported strongly in favour of public ownership. The national wealth, which is coal, should belong not to the private individuals who happen to possess the land which covers it, but to the common citizens of the State.

This does not mean that there shall not be compensation. Individuals who own shares in collieries and in railway companies have acquired legitimate rights which must be respected.

FINALLY, there is the question of the land. The time may not yet be ripe for the nationalisation of the soil. But the facts are appalling. Twenty-eight dukes own between them 4,000,000 acres of land in England, mostly lying idle. In Scotland the Mackintosh of Mackintosh own 1,000,000 acres. No fewer than 30,000,000 acres of land are owned by 1,000 peers of the Realm!

At the same time agriculture languishes, and thousands of Englishmen who could be settled on the soil they fought to save are tramping the streets in despair.

Some day the land will be owned by the people. A virile nation will not for ever be frightened by the bogey of "nationalisation." Till then the community has a right to demand that the possessors of the soil shall make full use of it. The landless man must have access to the manless land.

The Faith Healers

IS there any limit to human credulity? At the small Berkshire town of Twyford the other day, a man named Frederick Joseph Jones was charged with practising faith-healing on local residents.

It seems that Jones did not claim to heal his patients "off his own bat," so to speak, but professed to be under the "control" of a black "medicine-man," who departed this life some years ago.

Not long ago one of Jones' patients died from heart disease, for the relief of which the impudent "healer" had prescribed olive-oil, cold water, and bananas. Fortunately, there was no evidence that this stupid pretence of treatment had accelerated the poor fellow's death or Mr. Jones might have faced the magistrates on a more serious charge than that which confronted him at Wokingham.

Nevertheless, the whole thing is a crying scandal. Already dozens of deaths have been reported as taking place under the unskilled ministrations of "faith healers," yet for some amazing reason the police are slow to act and judges loth to convict.

It is possible, of course, to argue that people who are fool enough to trust these impostors deserve all they get, but physical suffering often warps the mind, and in a good many instances the victims are children and young persons who, when overtaken by sickness, are at the mercy of their elders.

The remedy is simple enough. It ought to be made a criminal offence for any unqualified person to profess healing powers or to practise upon his fellows in any shape or form.

No Prohibition!

THE Bishop of Oxford has introduced a sane Licensing Bill. This is no mean achievement. The "drink question," as it is called has so long been the shuttlecock of Party politics that the country almost despairs of any sensible reform.

The Bishop of Oxford frankly recognises that for this country Prohibition is out of the question. There is no reason why a man who can use alcohol moderately should not have his drink in comfort and in wholesome and clean surroundings.

Now is the time to inaugurate a sensible scheme of public-house reform. It is bound to come. The Trade should welcome it. Theirs is a vastly profitable monopoly, and the British nation in its present mood does not look with favour upon monopolies.

The best thing the liquor interest in Parliament and outside it can do is to give the Bishop's Bill their support. They may go farther and fare worse.

Daily Mail Twaddle

by A. G. GARDINER

THE taxation of the common necessities of life is most unjust, says A.G.G., for in our necessities we are equal, though in our possessions we are unequal. A millionaire does not need more food than a navvy, and to tax them equally on this necessity is to be grossly unjust.

Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna, who, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced the import duties criticised here.

THIS week we shall all know the best and the worst about the first Labour Budget. I think it was Burke who said that "To tax and be popular is as difficult as to love and be wise," and it is possible that Mr. Philip Snowden is saying "ditto" to Mr. Burke, as he cowers before a hail of angry protests. I hope those protests will come from the right quarters. You cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs, and you cannot raise eight hundred millions of money without making somebody squeal.

The important thing is that the right people should squeal. It is only by making the right people squeal that we can correct the terrific inequalities of life and justify a system of society that makes a few fabulously rich, and leaves a multitude on the brink of poverty, dependent on the day's employment for the next day's dinner, and blown about by every breath of trade.

THIS is a question of national security. No nation is secure which rests upon a foundation of impoverished and discontented life, and all attempts to make the social structure safe must begin at the bottom. Personally, I do not care how many rich men there are at the top so long as the mass at the bottom are well fed and well housed, have sufficient educational facilities to give them their chance in life, and are secure against the ordinary vicissitudes of human affairs —ill-health, unemployment, old age and so on.

This is the only safeguard against revolutions, and as revolutions are very bad business for any community, and especially bad business for the man who has great possessions, I think it is the first duty of a wise Government to underpin society out of the surplus riches which result from the activities of society.

That can only be done by taxing men according to their possessions, and not according to their consumption—for example, by the income-tax, and not by the sugar tax. The taxation of the common necessities and conveniences of life is the most unjust form of taxation, for in our necessities we are equal, though in our possessions we are monstrously unequal. A millionaire does not need more food or more warmth than a navvy, and to tax them both equally on those necessities is to be grossly unjust. In the one case the tax is nothing; in the other it may be the difference between plenty and poverty. Bread, sugar, tobacco, tea are a drop in the bucket of the rich man's expenditure. They, and things like them, compose the whole expenditure of the labourer, and to make them dearer by taxation is to punish him for being poor.

THIS is the case against Protection. It taxes us according to our consumption and not according to our possessions. In Arthur Chamberlain's phrase, it "makes the rich richer and the poor poorer." The country knows this, and it delivered its opinion on the subject in emphatic terms last December. Mr. Baldwin is in Opposition in consequence of that verdict, and it may be asked why I am mumbling an old bone that has been thrown on the dust-heap.

But it is that old bone that has been the centre of the sham fight on the McKenna duties, about which the Rothermere Press has had the latest of its apoplectic seizures of silliness. Those duties are the only fragment of Protection in our system—if they are still in our system, for I hope Mr. Snowden's Budget has swept them away—and the Protectionists want to keep that fragment so that they can build a whole Protectionist system upon it when the opportunity comes. They know that you can't have some industries permanently protected and other industries unprotected, and they are clinging frantically to the protection of motor-cars and pianos as a means of taxing every commodity of life later on.

That is the key to this controversy. The McKenna duties, in fact, have been fought for as a means of reversing the verdict of the country last December, and of keeping a gap open for the Protectionists to rush through when the times are favourable. The duties were never intended as a Protectionist measure. They were brought in by a Free Trade Chancellor of the Exchequer as a war device, when we were short of shipping and wanted to keep out bulky imports like motor cars and pianos in order that our ships could bring more food and munitions. Of course the motor car manufacturers want to have the duties maintained. They enable them to exploit the home consumer. They enable them to charge him 33 per cent. more for his car than he would have to pay under free competition.

IT is a selfish but natural view; but it is a short-sighted view, even from the standpoint of the trade. The squeezing of the home consumer, which is the principle of Protection, is fatal to the efficient development of industry. There has been a tremendous growth of the motor-car industry of late years; but it has not been due to the duties, *which have not kept out the foreign cars of the rich,* but to the enormous expansion of demand, the development of mass production and the concentration on the small car.

The effects of the duties have been two. They have kept the price to the home market high, and they have lowered our capacity to compete in foreign markets. The motor-car industry is not better, but worse, off for the duties. It was in a sounder financial position before the war and before the duties were imposed. It was sounder because it lived in that atmosphere of free competition which is the life-blood of every other British industry, and which has made this country the most successful trader in all the world.

IF these duties were to remain, what can we say to the farmer, the cotton manufacturer, the woollen manufacturer, the iron and steel manufacturer? They have not got protection, but if they have to pay more for their motor-cars in order to give protection to the motor industry, they have an unanswerable case for an equivalent right to a tariff that will enable them to exploit the home consumer also. And so we come back to the evil principle of taxing consumption instead of possessions, of making things dear instead of cheap, of putting the burden on the common needs of life instead of on the purse of the rich. And taxation raised in this way is the most wasteful form of taxation. For every pound that goes into the Exchequer, many pounds go into the pockets of the protected industry direct from the pockets of the public who buy.

For this reason I hope that Mr. Snowden has had the courage to put the motor industry and the piano industry on the same footing as every other trade, and to carry out the mandate which the country gave last December.

"There must be a change between mere propaganda and Government."

The Confession

Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, who has the supervision of the Colonies of the British Empire.

"LABOUR since January," frankly confesses the Prime Minister, "has become bigger in mind." Mr. Scurr, M.P., an extremist of the Labour Party, admitted on the same occasion, that "experience had taught them many things they did not know before." Mr. J. H. Thomas lately said that "there must of necessity be a change between mere propagandism and the responsibilities of government"; and when I asked him to define this dark saying, the ex-cleaner of railway carriages told me a story which would fill the whole of this paper, about his department's work in developing East Africa, a small fraction of its responsibility, which is nearly as big as Europe! In addition to this, Mr. Thomas's job includes the supervision of Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, Ireland, and —this alone is no small job—the Wembley Exhibition!

There, in a few sentences of more than usual candour, the statesmen of Labour epitomise the eternal, inevitable, exasperating difference between the ideal and the practical, the wish to do, and the difficulty of doing. At Wembley, we show the glories and benefits to the human race of the *Pax Britannica* which governs a quarter of the globe—the instruments and products of the mightiest force that humanity has yet achieved for the promotion of progress and peace. But we are all horribly conscious that there is another and terribly evil side to the splendid Commonwealth advertised there.

We know of slums and places in our proud cities which are common sewers of vice and rascality, filth, disease and suffering. We know of mining villages in Lanark and Northumberland which are more disgraceful to mankind than any Hottentot settlement, industries in which women are employed to puddle iron and forge chains, a vast army of trained and skilled artisans who are

What the Other Woman Wrote

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

OUR contributor asks whether selfishness is not the root cause of all our troubles, and deals with a bitter letter received by him as an answer to "A Miner's Wife," whose amazing document we recently published. "There is no class so wantonly selfish and indifferent to others as the miners."

WHEN I began to write these weekly articles their only public consequence so far as I knew was to irritate the rank and file of Communism. Letters of an abusive character from every part of the British Islands found their way, first to my breakfast table and afterwards to my waste paper basket.

But this character of my correspondence gradually changed, and now there is a capacious drawer in one of my writing tables which is reserved entirely for letters received from the readers of JOHN BULL—letters so touching that I have not the heart to destroy them. It seems to me that I am the recipient of letters written by people who had never before addressed the editor of any paper, people hitherto quite dumb in these matters, or content to let the professional political agitator express their wants and sufferings in his own mechanical fashion.

Take as a sample the bitter letter I received some few days ago from the wife of a limestone burner, whose unaccustomed pen was set moving by the "Amazing Document" of "A Miner's Wife Who Knows." Before I quote this letter, I desire my readers to learn that I have had a second and a far more amazing communication from the Miner's Wife, which will form the subject of my next article.

THE letter from the wife of a limestone burner is just as bitter and indignant as the first letter from the wife of a miner; but her bitterness and indignation have a very different origin. Against whom does she bring her accusation? Not against the employers of her husband, and not against the State; but against the miners! The daughter of a miner, and with all her brothers still working as miners, this wife of a limestone burner tells me with an exceeding bitterness that there is no class of people in the community so wantonly selfish and so brutally indifferent to the needs of others as the miners of this country.

"I never see these things in the papers!" she cries out to me in angry irony, quoting the words of the Miner's Wife for her own purpose.

THAT purpose, as I understand it, is to bring home to the miners the plain and staring fact that when they go on strike they cause not only inconvenience to their employers, but suffering of a most dreadful character to people far poorer than themselves. "When I was getting married one of my brothers said to me, 'I cannot see many legs of mutton or joints of beef finding their way to your table; it will be a case of 3d. worth of fish for your Sunday's dinner.' Well, it has proved true. . . . Many a Christmas we have been glad to get a few potatoes and a bit of bacon for our dinner. Yet I say from the bottom of my heart, 'Thank God, I never married a collier.'"

She gives me examples of the collier's selfishness. Her husband's wages are half those of a collier. But the collier with whom they lodge charges them 8s. 3d. a week for the use of two small rooms in his large and comfortable house, for which the rent is 16s. 6d. a week. He gets all the coal he needs for 2s. 10d. a month. She can only just manage to keep a fire going at odd times for 3s. a week. From the well-off miner and his wife she and her struggling husband receive neither help nor sympathy. They live apart—under one roof!

During her confinements she suffered dreadful things, and lost her first two children as soon as they were born. "I lived amongst colliers; yet only one of their wives was kind enough to bring me in a drink of tea, and that was in a basin."

Rt. Hon. Thomas Shaw, whose understanding of the problems dealt with here are not only thorough but first-hand.

The third baby was born in hospital after a serious operation; "yet not one of those women came to see me or sent me a line, and I had done them many a kindness."

She compares the miner's life with that of her husband's. "A miner gets double the wages; no wet time for him to lose; he is under ground, not only safe from the bad weather, but from the eyes of anyone who would see if he worked were he on the top." As for the limestone burners, when she married they used to work ten hours a day for 5½d. an hour, if the weather permitted. "When they were frozen out, we were sometimes weeks without a penny, yet we had to go to the same market as the miners."

THEY have their dangers at work, even as the miners have theirs. When opening a burning kiln, they are blinded by the black smoke and poisonous fumes that belch forth in great volumes; often the men are too ill to attend their work for several days afterwards, while every night they come home with sharp bits of stone in their eyes which often cannot be removed without a doctor.

She is sick of the prominence given to the miner, and argues that he has come to think of himself as a martyr because of the fuss that is made of him in the newspapers and in Parliament. You cannot get him, she says, to think of other people and to see himself as a person depending upon the labour of others; just as those others depend upon him, and suffer when he refuses to work.

SHE is strong in a vigorous self-respect. "I was educated at a board school, along with other colliers' children, but I have not allowed my knowledge to grow rusty or ignorant. I have experienced both sides, but nowhere do I find a class of people so ignorant, so indolent, and so grabbingly selfish as the colliers. Every time they strike we have to suffer for it. There is no strike pay for us. The poor labourer and his family must plod along as best they can, even as they do in bad weather."

Let us say that she exaggerates a little, or that she happens to live among an unusually bad lot of miners; still, is there not enough matter in her complaint to make us wonder whether selfishness is not the root cause of all our troubles? "Out for myself" seems to be the motto of most of us; and, curiously enough, so far as my experience goes, the better-off a workman is, the less is he apt to be moved by those generous instincts and kindly dispositions which make the life of the very poor not only beautiful but so rich in the only happiness which endures.

ONE of the greatest lessons democracy has to learn is the vital interdependence of all of us. The miner, the transport worker, and the bricklayer, when they strike or when they practise ca' canny, hurt the rich scarcely at all, but each other terribly. From the stars our planet must sometimes present the spectacle of a nursery full of children smashing one another's toys in a state of tantrums.

sion of Mr. Thomas

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON

scrapped by industry, driven to exile, or flung on the dole because the war has killed the trade which employed them.

Worst of all, we know that there are some of these skilled artisans who bravely threw up their well-paid jobs to fight for Britain, faced the terrors and horrors of the war, and came back to find their work given to conscientious objectors, and are now seeing their wives and children flung out of their humble homes because the room is needed for some who were more—prudent!

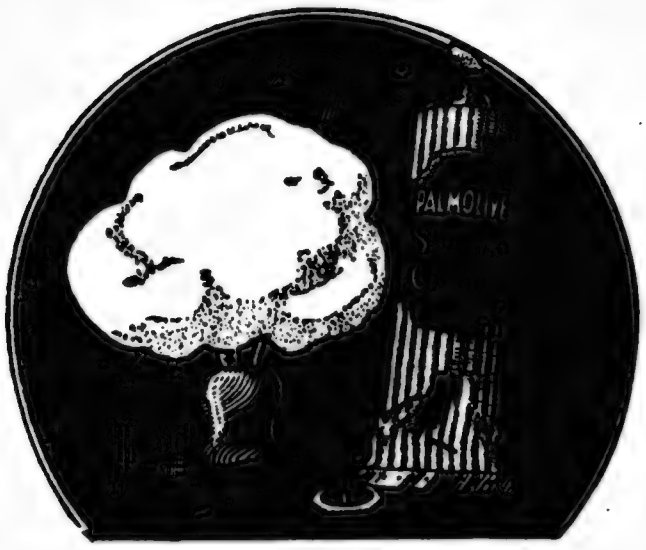
Every decent man and woman knows that these are cankers on the body politic, baneful to the health and wealth of the State as cancer and tuberculosis. But when it comes to the mending of the evil, then the best of good intentions boggle at the difficulties. A Cabinet Minister lately told me how impossible the Government had found it, how impossible their clever and devoted advisers of the Civil Service had found it, to devise and define any measure which should effectively prevent the eviction of those who evidently ought not to be evicted, without opening vast possibilities of fraud to deliberate shirkers and swindlers.

All through my fifty years' experience of politics this has been the trouble of ardent reformers—how to cure an admitted evil without creating another. I have never known coercion to succeed in checking revolutionary ideas; but I have never known governing responsibility to fail in moderating them.

I have lived long enough to learn the lesson: the keenest of us must wait for the stragglers. It is not that idealists, when raised to power, lose their vision of the road to the City of Desire, nor that their vision was untrue and baseless; but only that the approach is encumbered with such a jungle of interests, prejudices and stupidities.

If only the whole of the well-meaning people would leave off their damnable habit of retiring behind barbed wire entrenchments of class prejudice to spit abuse at one another—if only they would reason earnestly instead of calling one another fools or rogues—if only they would put their heads together to find a practical way!

But that is to wish for Utopia. When men and women become reasonable, the millennium will arrive.



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Plight of the Poor Prisoners

by HOLFORD KNIGHT (Barrister-at-Law)

Mr. Holford Knight is known throughout the country as Portia's champion, for he started the movement which led to the opening of the bar to women].

The scandal of sending poor persons to prison, without a real defence, must be swept away.

IN our police courts, men and women are being sent to jail without a word being said in their defence either by themselves or by an advocate. This fact alone is a striking condemnation of the judicial system, because the primary principle of justice is intended to provide even a guilty person with an opportunity to plead his own cause.

Unless advantage is going to be taken of the blindfolded eyes of the goddess of Justice, this glaring evil must be removed. And it is from this point of view that I urge the revision of the present arrangements that obtain in our courts of summary jurisdiction. Not that the fault is to be laid at the door of the magistracy—a finer body of hard-worked public servants the world does not hold—but because, for one of a variety of reasons, accused persons are often inarticulate.

A PRISONER who stands tongue-tied before a magistrate and is sent to prison, unheard, may be the victim of a serious miscarriage of justice. The ruin of his home and prospects may be a natural result. Before these consequences are inflicted by State action, justice requires that his defence (if any) should be weighed.

It is in the police courts that this grave handicap is placed upon the poor; Parliament has long provided help in the superior courts, although this, too, calls for revision and extension. But in the summary courts no assistance at all is available.

In many cases accused persons are sentenced without their defence being heard because they cannot afford legal assistance. There is no doubt that the person unused to legal procedure, and to whom legal jargon is a foreign tongue, is at once heavily biased to his own disadvantage. His only hope is to secure the services of a practising solicitor or barrister who can act as his advocate.

THIS is not an inexpensive investment, and I venture to state that many an innocent person has been sent to prison simply as a result of not being able to afford such legal assistance. Or it may be that their mental anxiety has driven them to such a state of physical distress that they have not been in a condition even to think out a line of defence.

The plight of a person appearing before the court for the first time, with the prospect of social humiliation and possible ruin before him, is easy to imagine. What is required is to ensure that where a defence can be placed before the court it shall be available.

If means suffice to ensure the presentation of defence, an opportunity to do so must be provided. If means are not forthcoming, the case must be reviewed in order to ascertain whether legal assistance should be supplied.

The suggestions which I placed recently before the Magistrates' Association and a committee of the Law Society are directed to both these cases.

In the first place, the Home Office should authorise the Probation Officer to inspect the charge sheet and to indicate cases which require attention. The object should be to ensure that cases, in which an answer to the charge may not be placed before the court without help, should be assisted to that end.

If payment can be afforded by the defendant for this service, well and good; if poverty prevents assistance, it can be supplied. In either event, the defence is placed before the magistrate.

NO one who is familiar with the work of the police court will question the fitness of the Probation Officer for this task of inspection and selection. At any rate, no more suitable choice in the circumstances has been suggested. The proposed system is worthy of trial.

The duty of investigating these reserved cases and presenting them to the court should be undertaken by a solicitor drawn from a rota of defenders arranged by the group of solicitors who regularly practise at the court. The Law Society is being urged to invite local solicitors to undertake the service. The number of cases to be dealt with would vary, but an experimental period would show, I think, that only occasional help would be required of these volunteers.

It is objected that this voluntary service should not be put upon members of a profession in which the struggle for existence is acute. But I have never doubted that the duty of helping the needy is one of the strongest obligations of the legal profession. I am aware that there have been lawyers in both branches of the profession who have disregarded this duty, but their conduct provides neither example nor excuse for others.

ON the contrary, I am certain that an appeal to the honour of the profession in discharging this duty of service to the poor would gain a full response.

As the arrangements connected with the administration of justice fail to satisfy the public requirements, they must be revised to accord with the dictates of common-sense and fair play. The duty of assistance lies primarily upon the members of the legal profession. Failing that aid, the State must make other arrangements.

THE scandal of sending persons to prison without a reasonable chance of their defence being placed before the court must be swept away. The public must make themselves heard.

Holford Knight

The Beautiful Drug Fiend

by A HOSPITAL SUPERINTENDENT

Forgetfulness for a few moments can be bought in drugs, but the price is eternal torture.

AT a hospital there is no case more interesting, or often, alas! more disappointing than an inveterate drug-taker. They are a class of many promises, but few fulfilments. Anything in heaven or earth, body or soul, will be pledged as a bait to obtain the "dope." In moments of desperation, lying, thieving and even murdering would not deter the drug fiend from gratifying his dissolute desires.

Yet there is something tremendously appealing about these people. Let it be admitted that they are slaves to their own passions: that their will power has become submerged in the rocks and reefs of dissipation. Still, when the fever is passed, they are like helpless babes crying our for someone to mother them.

FOR some time my lot has been cast among these victims. I have made it my business to find out all about them. I have studied their character, their history, their environment. I have tried to find out what led to their downfall. Nine out of every ten declare that ignorance or curiosity are responsible for their condition. Almost unconsciously they stepped over the mark. A feeling of inertia: a headache: generally "fed-up" with life, and then a "friend" suggests a "tonic snuff" that will act like magic.

It does—for a time. Purgatory gives place to paradise; but hell knows no torture like that which follows a few hours later. Life becomes a ghastly nightmare. The cup of despondency is drained to the very dregs.

* * *

ONE day I had a visit from an elderly woman—a poor widow. In her eyes was that far-away look which sorrow so often brings. I will tell her story in her own words:

"My name is ———, and I came to London from Peterborough yesterday. Twelve months ago I lost my husband; six months ago my only daughter, who is only twenty-three years of age, came to be a mannequin at ——— (mentioning the name of a West End firm). She had never left home before, and she promised that she would write to me every other day.

"At first she did so; then she wrote and said that she was so tired after standing all day that she would not be able to keep it up; and from that time her letters became very infrequent. A month ago they stopped altogether.

"I came to see what was the matter, but found that she had left her lodgings. Then I went to the place where she worked, and was told that my daughter had been dismissed. All that day I sought her, but that night I had to return home alone. Yesterday," she continued, "I had this."

She handed me a telegram. It read, "I need you. Please come to ———." A look of unutterable tenderness came into my visitor's face. In a tone which gripped my very being she cried, "My daughter is ruined *but she is still my child.* Oh! will you help me?"

I had never realised until then what it must mean for a mother to tell a stranger of the shame which had come to her offspring. Later that day I saw the girl. She had sunk as low as any case I have ever known. Degradation and despair were writ large all over her.

IT was a tragic story. Curiosity—the night clubs—drugs—neglect of business—dismissal from work—the streets. All had happened in less than six months. When she knew of my mission, her one cry was, "For God's sake give me some stuff!" I felt like giving her up altogether. What good could come of such a one?

But I arranged for her to be taken into the hospital. At first her craving was gratified. She commenced by having twenty-five grains of heroin a day. Then very gradually the dosage was reduced. For weeks a gigantic battle ensued. Victory and defeat hovered in the balance. But ever and anon there appeared before my vision the sight of a tired face and an expectant woman—her mother.

BY closer contact with the patient I came to see her finer qualities, and I saw that she was worth saving. One day when she was particularly low she said, "Let me go. I shall never do any good." I told her that I would never give in. That day proved to be the crisis. After it had passed there was never any doubt. Out of the wreckage and the storm there slowly evolved a delightful and vivacious personality.

A year ago she left the hospital. That girl is now working in Peterborough and living happily at home with her mother. I have had my reward.

Recently a letter came from her. In it she said, "When I first saw you I had lost my soul. You gave it back to me, and I shall never forget."

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

Love—and Duty

"FOR four years and three months I languished in durance vile in an asylum. During my confinement I was cited as co-respondent in a divorce case in which I was found not guilty of misconduct.

"Since my discharge I have met a young lady of very good social position and we are both over head and ears in love with each other. She thinks I am perfect; we have become engaged. Alas! I am tormented by my past—my conscience tells me I am deceiving her. I am not acting square.

"She knows nothing of my past. Is it my duty to tell her that I have been so long in an asylum? If I do, I feel quite certain I shall lose everything that at present makes life worth living.

"Principle tells me I really should tell her all—and yet my love and happiness are at stake. Shall I take courage in my hands and sacrifice my joy of life and happiness for a bachelor's life of loneliness and misery? I am undecided, being swung this way and that between love and my honourable duty.

"Can you help me to decide?"

"Humanist" says:—*Of course you ought to tell her all, anything less would be to deceive her into a bargain she might not really wish to make—a cruel and shabby thing. I think you ought to take medical advice as to your fitness for marriage. You appear to be a good-hearted fellow—have you contemplated the possibility of a tainted family?*

Ethics of Business

"SOME time ago, when unable to obtain work, I started in a small way of business on my wife's advice, selling small wares and fancy goods among the villages around this district.

"During the first few months I hardly made enough to provide my wife and baby daughter with food, as I bought my stock-in-trade locally and at a dear rate. By good luck, however, I obtained the names and addresses of wholesalers who advertise through a showman's paper, and whose prices for the class of goods I deal in are very keen. I am now making quite an income.

"In this part of the country a good many people have turned one room of their house into a small shop, in which they sell the same class of goods as myself. Now some of these people are very angry because I am selling goods at prices much below theirs, thus, they say, robbing them of their daily bread. One in particular, a widow with a young family, complained to me bitterly that I had ruined her trade, as she used to make from 30s. to 35s. weekly before I started; now she often does not make 5s.

"Others have asked me for the addresses of the firms where I obtain my goods. Am I justified in withholding same? Would it be wrong were I to continue in the way I am doing, now that I know I am bringing real hardship to folk who in many cases have larger families to provide for and more worries than myself; or is it my moral duty to help them all I can, though it may mean hardship for my own family later on, as I have to depend entirely on my sales for a living?"

"Humanist" says:—*You are under no obligation to ruin yourself and your family to teach your competitors how to make their business pay. If you withdrew, somebody else would take your place. You may be sure, however, that these people will find out how to protect themselves. I sympathise with them in their struggles, but I can't alter the laws of trade.*

A Woman who Erred

"WHEN I was a mere baby my mother deserted my father and myself, and eloped with a doctor friend to Australia. The shock to my father turned him into a sour cynical man and a great woman-hater, who forbids any mention of her name in our home.

"Six weeks ago, while in residence at the University where I am now studying for the law, I received a letter from my mother (who has somehow got to know of my address at this place), and it appears that two years after her elopement her lover deserted her, leaving her to fend for herself.

"For seventeen years she has earned her own living in Adelaide, her pride preventing her from appealing to any relatives or friends at home. But now her health has completely broken down, and in the misery arising from her poverty and illness she has been constrained to write for assistance to myself, her only child.

"My heart bleeds for her, in spite of the lapse of the past, and I would do almost anything to give her the help she so obviously needs. She is returning home in anticipation of this, and is to arrive in a fortnight, but I am in a quandary as to the action I should take.

"I have an ample allowance so that I could secretly keep her from want. But I dread my father's wrath, for if he learns of the help I am giving he will be finished with me for good. What do you advise?"

"Humanist" says:—*To err is human, to forgive divine. Do the best you can for your unhappy mother. Between leaving your mother to starve and your father to fume, your choice may be painful, but it is clear where your duty, apart from your interest, lies. I am sure you want to do your duty.*

The Will Question

"I AM dying of cancer and am in great doubt as to the way I should dispose of my property in my will. Three years ago I was a widower with one child, a boy now eight years of age. I was so troubled about the little fellow's welfare that I married again, hoping that my second wife would fill the place of the mother he had lost three years before. I chose a lady friend of my own age whom I thought would satisfactorily take her place, but I am sorry to say that my confidence was sadly misplaced.

"She has proved quite a good wife as far as I am concerned, but possesses an extraordinary dislike of my son, for she can scarcely bear his presence in the same room.

"My entire wealth amounts to £4,000, no great amount for the upkeep of the boy when I am gone and when strangers have to care for him, for I have no surviving relatives. My wife is able to earn from £6 to £9 per week from journalistic work, and therefore I am thinking of leaving the whole of my means to the child and of omitting my wife's name from the will."

"Humanist" says:—*Your wife has been a good wife to you: you ought not, therefore, to ignore her. At present she does not need money, but the day may come when she will. I should leave the money on trust—the whole income to go to the boy till he is twenty-one—and then the capital to be divided. The boy would then get a good education, a small income to help him, and the wife would get a retiring allowance.*

A Wicked Mother

"A FRIEND of mine has been engaged to a soldier nearly three years. Suddenly he ceased writing to her for reasons she can't understand. Her mother is also a friend of mine and she tells me that it is because of her he does not write. She said she disguised her handwriting as though her daughter sent the letter, and told him he was not good enough—and not to come to the house nor write again. She tells me not to say a word about it.

"I know the mother is very jealous of him for fear they should get married, as the daughter partly keeps the home going.

"Please advise me, Humanist, whether I should tell my young suffering friend the circumstances."

"Humanist" says:—*Write at once to the soldier and tell him in confidence what you have told me. Then tell the mother that you have done so. It is not necessary to tell the daughter, for her own and her mother's sake, though such a mother scarcely deserves such consideration.*

(*Continued on page 25.*)

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And now Science tells you why. A prominent dental surgeon, writing for the *Daily Express* of the 27th June, says :—

"To prevent the teeth decaying by cleanliness alone, the mouth would have to be constantly aseptic.

"As this is practically impossible, a small quantity of good chewing gum after a meal will induce a long-continued flow of saliva, most efficacious in destroying the numbers of tooth-destroying bacteria."

So now you have Wrigley's in a new rôle. You have thought of it as an inexpensive sweet that lasts a long time.

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And saving teeth is not the only health value of Wrigley's. It is a real aid to digestion. So millions of people use it *after every meal.*

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NO preparation has ever been tested so thoroughly as 'Yadil' before being offered to the public. I kept it exclusively for the medical profession for nearly six years. In THE YADIL BOOK I publish a formidable array of medical reports. I would have kept 'Yadil' indefinitely for the profession, had it not been for the pressure of many doctors who, having used it with amazing success, urged repeatedly that it was my duty to make it known to the public.

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FOR the sake of your health and that of those who are near and dear to you, order to-day from your chemist a supply of "Yadil" and a copy of THE YADIL BOOK. With these ready at hand, you will be able to keep disease and premature death from your home. ... Alex Clement

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Pills	50 2/9	150 4/9	500 12/-	1,000 22/6	
Ointment	1 oz. 1/9	4 oz. 5/-	Pastilles (for the Voice) per tin 1/-		
Lubricant (for Chapped Hands) 2 oz. 1/6			Powder (for the Toilet) per tin 1/6		

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OPENS 1st MAY, 1924. **CLOSES 31st MAY, 1924.**

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Read Carefully.

1 The Competition will be judged, and the Prizes awarded by, Sir Gerald du Maurier assisted by a Committee of the British Charities Association, for the most *original lines* sent in.
2 Any number of lines can be sent in, but payment must be sent with each line at the rate of 1/- per line. If five lines be sent in by the one Competitor *at the one time* they will be accepted on payment of 3/6.
3 In sending lines each Competitor must enclose the front of the paper wrapper from a dozen-packet of any of the following matches—otherwise the entry will be disqualified:—
"ARMY & NAVY" "THE CUP" "LIGHTNING" "PUNCH" "THREE STARS" "PIONEER" "ASSURANCE" "VULCAN"
4 Postal Orders or cheque to be made payable to the British Charities Association, and crossed "& Co."
5 Competitors' names and addresses, and date of posting, must be written on the back.
6 All lines to be written in capital letters, and in ink.
7 Attempts ONLY must be addressed to "The Judging Committee" as below. These will not be opened until after the closing date MAY 31st, and must be posted on or before 31st May, 1924. Any enquiries or requests for additional coupons must be addressed to "The Director" and accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for reply.
8 In all cases the decision of the Judge and Committee will be final, and the receipt of any attempt will be taken as proof of the acceptance of these conditions.
9 The Committee guarantee that every line sent in will be carefully examined.
10 Any number of further attempts may be sent in on plain paper if accompanied by remittance and wrapper.

HOSPITALS LIMERICK No. 1—COUPON

To the Judging Committee,
British Charities Assn., (Dept. JB), 103, Kingsway, LONDON, W.C.2.

I enclose_____ last lines to Limerick No. 1, also {Postal Order / Cheque

for £_____ s._____ d. I have read, and agree, the Rules.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

LIMERICK

I know of a humorous play
Which would run for a year and a day,
Were it not for the fact
That the very first act

Suggested alternative last lines:—

(1)_____
(2)_____
(3)_____
(4)_____
(5)_____ 6P

(Continued from page 22.)

Friends Estranged.

"I am worried to death. My best friend and I quarrelled because I thoughtlessly called him an imposter. He has been "found drowned." His untimely death is on my conscience."

Get it off again. Why should you suppose that he committed suicide? You do not say anything of the inquest, so I presume there was no suggestion of suicide.

Mixed Marriages.

"I am in love with a Chinese gentleman of means, who assures me he will always be kind. My people are against my marrying him, and now the date is getting near I am wondering if I am wrong in my decision."

If you have any doubts, cancel it because of them. That will save me the trouble of advising you to cancel it in any case.

A Wife's Ways.

"To increase my income I go in for competitions. My wife shares the profits but declines to share the expenses. Her two married sisters have parted from their husbands. I don't want that."

Deduct the expenses from the profits before you share out. Your wife seems to have taking ways. In view of the family history, put things on a business basis to avoid friction.

Many Inventions.

"I have invented a patented preparation that will do away with shaving, but can get no one to finance me. It seems that my years of study will go unrewarded unless I find a market for my lotion."

There is something wrong, if your invention is cheap and practicable—for the market is world-wide. Send me some adequate particulars.

An Over-furnished Home.

"My husband has a craze for buying hire-purchase furniture. I have to skimp to find the money to pay. Should I warn the shop not to supply him?"

You can't prevent your husband pledging his own credit. Try to persuade him rather than thwart him. After all, he gets some value for his money. Some spendthrift husbands get none.

Overrun by Rats.

"I am a widow, and my house is overrun by rats. The landlord and the sanitary authorities have done their best, but can't find an effective remedy. One bit my little daughter the other day, and I am getting thoroughly unnerved."

There are two remedies—a good dog or a good rat poison. Consult your local chemist.

The Elder Brother.

"Would I be justified in refusing to support my younger brother—aged twenty-one—who does not seem able to get work, and I don't think really tries? His widowed mother rather spoils him."

In normal times I should say yes, but these are not normal times. Try to help him to get a suitable job: if he refuses to take it you can, in his interest as well as in your own, decline to keep him in idleness.

A Songster.

"I have written a very good song, both words and music. Would I be wise to publish it at my initial expense, on royalty basis?"

Get the opinion of an equally famous singer—and if it is favourable, go armed with both to the leading musical publishing houses. Don't touch the touting speculation firms. Good luck to you.

A Chapter of Accidents.

"Years ago my grandfather died after a fall. Some time after my mother died through a similar cause, and my father committed suicide while undergoing treatment for a fractured thigh. My sister died last week after falling down the stairs, and I am really alarmed about my own fate, being the only member of the family left."

Falling is not a hereditary or transmissible disease. Stop thinking about your heritage of misfortune.

Danger in the Milk-can

by VISCOUNT ASTOR

(From the Bishop of Exeter's Diocesan Letter)

THE British public could drink twice as much milk as is drunk in America.

Obviously, British agriculture would benefit if the dairy industry were doubled. Unfortunately, from the agriculturist's point of view, what has increased enormously during past years is the importation from other countries of dried and condensed milk.

Why do so many doctors recommend dried milk and patent foods for children instead of liquid milk? Why do housewives find that liquid milk does not keep as it should?

NO farmer likes to admit that the milk supply is not clean and safe, even for the most tender digestion. Yet it is a fact that much of the milk might be cleaner—that if it were cleaner more would be drunk, and that this increase might be to the advantage of both farmers and children.

To get purer milk we want better buildings and better methods. In most cases buildings can be improved at small cost by facing walls with concrete, by making good floors, by proper drainage and efficient ventilation. But it is to more up-to-date methods that the industry must look. Cleanliness of milkers and utensils should be possible for all, yet is absent from too many farms.

Under the Ministry of Health's supervision and licensing, milk is now quite rightly classified or graded according to its cleanliness or freshness. Pasteurised milk will be protected by a correct definition of pasteurisation.

The public are beginning to understand the difference between safe, pure milk on the one hand and dirty, decomposing milk on the other, as well as the difference between raw and pasteurised milk.

There is no better food for children than milk. There is no better way of helping British agriculture than by improving the quality and purity of our milk-supply.

Words Winged to Women

Who Pays Your Wife?

by Mrs. H. A. L. FISHER

THERE are many aspects of the marriage relation, and we shall probably be content to discuss it from all its angles as long as it survives. But every now and then one particular view is raised, or one particular aspect emphasised, in what seems an unfair manner.

That which I have in mind at the moment is the idea that a man, because he earns the income, while his wife does work for which she receives no pay, is in the position of an employer who expects his commands to be carried out without question, while the wife is "dependent" upon the husband who supports her.

The woman's work at home, perhaps because it is unpaid, is apt to be looked upon as work which has no economic value, a view which is, of course, absurd. Yet although absurd, is it not very general?

Now, is it true, or rather is it the whole of the truth, that a woman when she marries becomes dependent upon her husband, who in turn supports her? It is true that if she has hitherto maintained herself by doing some work for which she has been paid, and, therefore, been dependent upon her own exertions, she now takes over an unpaid job in return for which she gets her keep, and that the nature and amount of what she gets will be mainly dependent upon not her own but her husband's earning-power.

BUT there is another point of view of which we sometimes need reminding, and that is that the man could not earn, certainly could not earn efficiently, unless he had at his disposal the services of someone to "do" for him at home.

In other words, a wife does for a man what otherwise he would have to pay some one else to do, and, therefore, while she is dependent upon him to earn, he is dependent upon her.

Most sensible people fully realise this, but the world isn't only made up of sensible people, and it is sometimes worth while to state the obvious. There are still specimens of the old-fashioned domestic tyrant.

PERHAPS they believe that the wife who slaves for them at home all day long and every day really "does nothing," and not only does nothing, but is able to do it because of his exertions, those exertions during which he has one whole and one half day's holiday a week, a limited number of working hours in the other days, and for which he is paid.

Nor has she any right either to know how much he earns, or to claim any fixed proportion of it in return for her services. The matrimonial bargain is hardly so much in her favour as he is inclined to suppose.

I don't know that there is much to be done about domestic tyrants, or about men who really think that their wives are wholly dependent upon them, and can, therefore, be regarded as life-long employees. But perhaps it is worth while to remind the young that marriage is essentially one of those bargains in which both parties ought to gain, and in most cases do gain, not one in which all the gain is on one side and all the sacrifice on the other.

ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

COMPANY MEETING.

MUTUAL PROPERTY INSURANCE CO:, LTD.

GOOD PROGRESS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

The TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Mutual Property Insurance Company, Limited, was held at the head office, 159-165, Great Portland Street, London, W., on April 11th.

COLONEL H. DAY (the chairman) said:—We restrict our efforts to the industrial side of insurance, particularly in connection with housing, sickness, and accident.

THE HOUSING QUESTION.

Few people realise that there are 2,000,000 slum dwellings in this country, and the majority of the labourers' cottages in the rural districts were built over 50 years ago on the then principle of sanitation; while at least 400,000 people in Scotland live in houses of one room only, and another 2,000,000 live in houses of not more than two rooms, and it is estimated that thousands of the one-roomed houses contain six, seven, or more people, while 50 per cent. of the dwellings should be condemned as unfit for human habitation. If a plain unvarnished statement of the housing conditions of the working classes of this country could be published in one document it would, I am certain, stagger humanity.

I have, I think, said sufficient to point out the necessity for the existence of companies such as ours which deal with the housing question. There is, however, a brighter side, as owing to the activities of societies and companies such as ours it can be stated that 1,000,000 people of this country are buying, or qualifying to buy, their own house. Their savings exceed £75,000,000, which is invested on mortgage of approximately 250,000 properties. I think the advancing of money for the purchase of house property is a thing which every social reformer should see carried into effect. There is nothing he could aim at with a clearer certainty that he was doing permanent good to the whole future of society.

SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

I will now turn to another branch of the company's activities—the sickness and accident department.

I would draw attention to the establishment by us of a free nursing service. This is a unique innovation, and I believe we are the first company to institute such a service.

I am satisfied, and feel sure all present in this room to-day will agree from a perusal of the accounts, that, apart from the profit earned during the year, great progress in the development and consolidation of the company has taken place.

COLONEL GILBERTSON SMITH seconded the resolution, which was carried.

ALONE, yet not alone, for she has the Decca with her. To-morrow she may have it in the garden; the day after it may accompany her to a picnic or perhaps on the river; and later on, it will most certainly be taken on holiday. The Decca's life is a very full life, because it is so small, light and compact, that it can be taken anywhere. With it, you are not confined to one place as with an ordinary gramophone.

Recent improvements add to its superiority and the reduction in prices brings it within the means of anyone who can afford a gramophone at all.

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Truth about the Guineas

Why Punters Should Not Gamble on the Derby

THERE is no lack of inducement on the part of the layers to get punters to make a hasty bet on the Derby, but after a careful review of the possibilities of the race, which are detailed here, my advice is to resist the odds so attractively compiled at the clubs.

Ante-post betting has not received a good advertisement this season. With the exception of the Lincolnshire, the early birds have missed the worm. But it will never be killed so long as Providence supplies one mug to take the place of another. Horses who will not run, (2) horses who have no chance, and (3) horses who have not been trained for the race will continue to supply "dead money" if judiciously paraded.

Further, the odds advertised are not invariably laid. I had an instance of this recently when I was asked to back a horse for the Queen's Prize at the circulated odds. I was offered a little over half the price and the horse did not run!

Derby Chances.

As I write, ninety-seven horses are left in the Derby. Of this number I can make out no more than twenty with a chance. In the circumstances the layers' offer of 9 to 1 the field (or approximately) may not seem conservative. But in the first case the complications of the situation may not readily be imagined, because of the several stables with more than one interest. Any attempt to anticipate the intentions of some trainers is a short way to commercial suicide, and more often than not at this stage these gentlemen themselves have only plans which have to mature.

Trainers with more than one serious Derby candidate are:—

Taylor—Bright Knight, Hurstwood, St. Germans, Caravel.

R. Dawson—Diophon, Salmon Trout, Mumtaz Mahal.

Persse—Donzelon, Beresford.

Watson—Arcade, Tippler.

The 9 to 1 the field looks ever better when I think it probable that Lord Astor, who owns Bright Knight and St. Germans, the Aga Khan who owns Salmon Trout, Diophon and Mumtaz Mahal, and Mr. A. de Rothschild who owns Arcade and Tippler, will each have only one runner at Epsom; but on the side of the bookmakers is the more than normal improvement, of an undistinguished two-year-old, and together with other things, those irritating mishaps which overtake so many of the best-class horses.

Even Trainers in the Dark.

Last year the best three-year-old in the country, Light Hand, ran only once! On the contrary this season we have seen the winner of the Greenham Plate scratched from the Derby before he had won the Newbury event, a lovely illustration of how little trainers know of their best horses early in the season.

It is in the endeavour to place readers on the right track that this is written. Your Derby fancy conceivably might be specially trained for the Guineas and beaten at Epsom by fresher horses; it has all happened before.

The Aga Khan's Trio.

Regarding the Aga Khan's Derby trio, surely it can safely be assumed that the only immediate objective of Mumtaz Mahal is the One Thousand! Even had not her owner two colts with very good Derby chances, we can believe the filly gets a mile and a half when we see it.

I shall not be surprised, if both make the same progress, to see Salmon Trout turn out better than Diophon. The unreliable Derby betting does not suggest it, but Diophon may develop the family kink, and if he does he will not appreciate a long drawn out struggle at Epsom.

At Newbury, when both were in the paddock, there were more complimentary remarks about Salmon Trout than his stable-companion although lack of condition prevented him from making much show in the race. The juvenile record of one was more impressive because of greater opportunities than that of the other, but don't back Diophon for the Derby, *yet*.

Of the Manton horses, St. Germans was thought something of by Alec Taylor, when an early two-year-old, but he had four races and showed no signs of progress. This Derby price of 50 to 1 seems fair enough. Caravel I consider one of the best outsiders in the race. He put up a splendid performance in the Greenham Plate.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

Epsom, Wednesday:
MORESTEL. GIFTED.

Sandown Park, Thursday:
HE SINGS. MR. BLISS.

Friday:
ANGONI. ARGENTINE.

Saturday:
EUPHROSYNUS.
BORDER RANGER.

Bright Knight I regard as one who can sensibly be backed for the Derby for the simple reason that he is sure to be trained more with a view to the Epsom classic than the Guineas. It is one of the few big races Lord Astor has not won, and Bright Knight will not be sacrificed in an attempt to win the Two Thousand, even if he runs at Newmarket. Both races are not beyond him, but his two-year-old career may be a repetition of that of Papyrus.

Mr. A. de Rothschild's Pair.

Plans may be changed, but I am informed that of Mr. A. de Rothschild's pair, Arcade is being trained for the Guineas, and that Tippler will carry the popular colours at Epsom. Both colts have made more than the average improvement, and while Arcade has the only defeat of Mumtaz Mahal to his credit, Tippler is a big-hearted sort who will not readily be run out of the Derby if he is with the leaders at the distance.

Tom Pinch essentially is one to keep off until he goes to the post, fit and fancied. Both qualifications are hackneyed, but there is a lot in them when properly applied. Tom Pinch may yet give his trainer more trouble, and it is no secret that Darling regards the odds offered against the colt as ridiculously short, considering everything. He did not show up very well at Newmarket last Friday. I would not take 5 to 2 that Tom Pinch runs.

Donzelon I shall know all about later on. At the moment intimate news concerning him is that he has progressed as well as expected, but his failure at Newmarket, the day before Tom Pinch was beaten, does not make his chance look too rosy. He will have one or more races before Epsom, but Beresford is more likely to win the Guineas for the Stockbridge stable.

A Summing Up.

The situation as it appears to me at the moment is:

For the Guineas:—Arcade, Beresford, Diophon, Obliterate, Knight of the Garter, Parmenio.

For the Derby:—Bright Knight, Donzelon, Sansovino, Salmon Trout, Tom Pinch, Tippler, Caravel, Hurstwood and Optimist II. (French).

I have said nothing about the last-named, but it is not long odds against the French colt rubbing-in the Epinard, Rose Prince and Sir Gallahad III. treble. So why have a Derby bet until the beginning of June!

The Latest About the Jubilee.

The latest news from France concerning the Jubilee is that Joyeux Drille is reckoned to be better handicapped than Kefalin, who was beaten recently. Both horses are in the same ownership but in different stables. Joyeux Drille is trained by Crawford and is already over here. If the French run away with another packet of good English money it will be with the aid of the joyous one, but I hope next week to find something to lower the foreigner's colours.

HORSES TO FOLLOW:

SHAMBLES.—I noted this three-year-old in the Easter Stakes at Kempton. He ran very fast, but found the seven furlongs too far. He will win a five-furlong race probably next time out.

POLYMORPHOUS.—Mr. Solly Joel's horse literally ran away with the Rothschild Plate. This son of Polymelus is a good one, and should be followed.

ZOZA.—Has run second on three occasions this season, and in two instances she was very unlucky. Go on backing her.

SINNATUS.—Gooch trains a good one in this Tetrarch horse. He won the Burton Handicap easily and is most consistent.

SPALPEEN.—One of the best-looking three-year-olds seen out this season. He won very easily at Newmarket.

BLUE FAIRY.—With heavily backed at S.P. to win the Ashley Stakes and had no difficulty in doing so. Nearing the winning post she came out like a flash of lightning. Back her until she is beaten.

METEORIC.—I have mentioned Ossie Bell's sprinter before. Do not neglect him because of his failure at Warwick. He is going to win a number of five-furlong events and should be backed at Epsom if seen out.

PALOMIDES.—In spite of increasing years Palomides is not a spent force. He finished a good fourth in the Visitors' Plate at Newmarket, and will pop up at a nice price soon.

MR. BLISS.—Beat a very good field in the Birmingham Stakes. He was a good two-year-old and has developed on the right lines. Will win more events of seven furlongs or a mile.

TORLONIA.—Lord Derby's horse has let down considerably since last season, and is no longer the leggy colt who got unbalanced when pressed. Fancied for the Victoria Cup, and has a 10 to 1 chance.

STATHEROS. — This is a nice-looking three-year-old who had not recovered from an attack of colic when he ran at Kempton. He will not reach the top-class, but will win races.

KARL.—Persse's sprinter is a bit temperamental, but he can go a good gallop. Don't be surprised if he touches a shortish price and nearly wins the Victoria Cup.

POMBAL.—This one will win second-class handicaps, but not first-class ones. Needs a strong jockey and plenty of driving.

and the Derby

Classics yet Awhile

More Derby Winners Wanted.

Donoghue is particularly anxious to beat Fred. Archer's Derby record. Archer won the Epsom classic on five occasions. Steve also has five winners to his credit, but two of these were war-time victories at Newmarket. Donoghue is a marvel on the Epsom course, and whatever he rides will not be at a long price.

The Best Jockey?

Most racing men are still of the opinion that Steve Donoghue, in spite of his bad luck this season, is streets ahead of any other jockey. I do not agree with them, and I am confident that Elliott is going to be at the top of jockeys' championship. Elliott and Carslake are, in my opinion, the most finished horsemen in England to-day. Owing to his riding weight Elliott has twice the number of mounts as "Brownie."

A Four Horse Dead-heat.

As Vaddy, Buddha and Hope Deferred flashed past the post in the Long Course Selling Race at Newmarket I was under the impression that Vaddy had just won. The judge decided on a triple dead-heat and gave us something to discuss.

Dead-heats occur pretty frequently nowadays, but it is seldom that three or more horses run home locked together. At Windsor last September Dinkie, Dumas and Marvex could not be separated by the judge, and Miltiades was only a head away, fourth. More than fifty years ago Newmarket went one better than this. In a field of five The Unexpected, Lady Golightly, Overread, and Gamester passed the post in a dead straight line.

Golden Boss, the Best Sprinter.

When Golden Boss won the Chieveley Handicap at Newbury he recorded his sixth consecutive victory. The horse is owned by Mr. Macomber and has never been beaten in England. He has a tremendous burst of speed and, at level weights, over five furlongs, he would beat any horse in the country.

Wootton's Nursery.

Besides turning out a number of first-class winners, Stanley Wootton is also an expert at teaching the young idea how to ride them. Every year he brings out an apprentice whom he develops into a crack jockey. Following in the footsteps of Morris, Ingham and Smirke, this year's "find" is young J. Sirett, who showed that he was in the hands of a good master when he won on No Koul at Leicester. Sirett will be heard of later.

A Victoria Cup Whisper.

The Lincoln disappointment, Westmead, is being held in reserve for the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park, and missed the Newbury Cup with this race in view. He drew one of the worst positions at Lincoln, but in spite of this he ran well.

Follow Manton.

The result of the Queen's Prize proves that Alec Taylor, the Manton wizard, is as dangerous as ever in the long-distance races. I went down the course to see this race, and as the field passed me Evander and Scapino were neck and neck. They had the race to themselves and neither would give way an inch. Alec Taylor's horses can never be left out of calculations in races of a mile and a half or over, but it is seldom that they come to hand so early.

Follow the Manton trainer in the big handicaps and you will make money.

One Way of Losing.

A friend of mine tells me that he went to one of the small Hunt meetings on Easter Monday and although he enjoyed the sport he realised that if you wanted to make money "you had to be in the know."

In one race, a two horse affair, the odds on favourite led at one time by a quarter of a mile owing to its opponent refusing to take a jump.

In the country the leader gradually slowed up, and in the run in was beaten easily by the outsider.

I have seen this type of race in the South. It had its funny side. In the train on my return some Devonshire farmers were discussing the event. "Yes," said one, "it was pretty bad, but not quite so barefaced as when So-and-so was winning. He dropped his whip and went back to pick it up!"

PADDOCK PARS.

This year's Derby will be the richest on record. The owner of the winning horse will receive close on £12,000.

* * *

Although Donoghue has not been very successful over here since his return from India, he has done well in France. On a recent Sunday he won three events. He beat the French crack, Kefalin.

* * *

Whew! Many of the bookmakers at Kempton on Easter Monday found it hot work. They worked in their shirt-sleeves.

* * *

H. A. and F. A. Brown are both *hors de combat* as a result of accidents. A few months ago H. A. broke a leg. This time it is an arm. F. A. has broken a leg. The jumping game needs pluck.

* * *

In my article, "Points for Punters," a short while ago, I suggested that two and three-year-old starting-price jobs who finished down the course should be followed. Gay Comet started at 5 to 4 at Gatwick and was not in the first three. He won next time out at Newmarket at 10 to 1.

* * *

Jarvie is one of those horses who always have been going to do something big. He was unlucky again to run up against Top Gallant, but his day will come.

* * *

It is wise policy to follow a two-year-old who beats another good horse of the same age. Field Argent beat Swanage, so follow Field Argent.

* * *

If Tom Pinch goes for the Derby, Archibald will have the mount. Archibald has not had the best of luck in the Epsom classic.

SILVER RING.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Newcastle Journal, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Daily Record, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Bull, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool E. Express, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, Irish Independent, The Irish News, Sporting Chronicle, and *Chronicle Mid-day (Manchester).*

AJOZHDFGSNMWPV

2KBYCETQLIUXSR

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below, as the case may be.

FBUSNIHC would read TOM PINCH.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from April 30 to May 6, inclusive.

The Baron of Sunday News says: "No wonder their Telegraphic Address is "GENEROUS"

WHITE FISHER & CO

144m West Regent St. GLASGOW

Always at Your Service.

RACING.

FREE 10/- WAGERS

on the

DERBY & HUNT CUP

(AT FULL MARKET PRICES.)

TO ALL CLIENTS OPENING A WEEKLY ACCOUNT WITH US.

Write for Full Detailed Particulars.

(PLACE MONEY, 5, 6 or 7 RUNNERS)

WE NEVER QUIBBLE

ESTABLISHED 27 YEARS.

A. H. WESTWOOD,

YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

(The "own name" man and sole proprietor of the business founded over THIRTY years ago),

is giving existing and prospective clients an opportunity of winning

£50,000

IT WILL COST THEM

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING

He requests interested gentlemen to apply for particulars and courts every enquiry.

ABSOLUTELY NO LIMIT

At STARTING PRICE.

PLACE BETTING

On all Races with FIVE or More Runners

A. H. WESTWOOD,

Lyric Chambers,

Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON, W.

J. McLAUCHLAN,

54, GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

Member of Principal London Sporting Clubs. ESTABLISHED 32 YEARS.

"One of the biggest—one of the most financially stable in the country."
SPORTING LIFE, Feb. 2nd, 1924.

LETTERS

time-postmarked (not in code) up to advertised time of Race (Registers 15 minutes). All Letters are answered win or lose by return. All Postage Paid.

E.P. Place Bets one-third the odds: 1-2 if 5, 6, or 7 runners.

Special Credit Accounts. (No references required.)

Prospective clients unable to give usual references may forward any amount from £5 to £100 as guarantee. Credit up to double the amount sent will then be granted. This does not apply to clients who already have accounts with us. When sending money as guarantee, please state "FOR SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNT." Clients sending guarantees must not forward commissions until they receive my official notification that the account is opened. No Representatives on Racecourses or elsewhere.

11, DUKE STREET, EDINBURGH

JAMES McLEAN,

12, Woodside Terrace,

GLASGOW, 3.

Now is the time to open a Credit Account. To all persons desirous of opening an account I can offer terms which cannot be surpassed anywhere.

One-third the odds on all Ante Post Betting Races.

No limit for Singles, Doubles and Accumulators.

On July 26th, 1922, I paid £3,622 to £2 for an Accumulator.

Credit Accounts opened from £5 upwards but no cash in advance under any circumstances.

Write for my illustrated booklet entitled "Points for Punters," containing useful information which every client should know who has a credit account with a bookmaker. Only Clients who are genuinely desirous of opening an account need reply to this advertisement.

Telephone Numbers 2429 Douglas, 29 lines
Trunk Telephone Nos. 2226 " 5 "
Telephone for Telegrams only: 2222 " 4 "
Telegraphic Address: "Sportsman, Glasgow."

MODEL 12 699 A

2/6 WEEKLY

Buy Your Bike Direct from FACTORY

and get a brand-new mount with all the latest improvements for

£5 5s. CASH

or on easy terms of payment to suit yourself.

No shopkeeper will let you ride a cycle a fortnight *FREE*. But WE WILL. So send for a Mead on 15 days' Free Riding Trial and prove for yourself how the super-excellence of Mead workmanship and the matchless quality of Mead materials make Mead machines glide silently, swiftly and smoothly over the roughest roads.

Immediately we hear from you we will send a cycle PACKED FREE and CARRIAGE PAID. Ride the machine as much as you like—without being under the slightest obligation to buy. Then if you don't wish to keep the cycle, send it back at our expense.

It won't take a minute to send a postcard. Write one NOW—while you think of it.

Mead

CYCLE COMPANY (DEPT.)
(Dept. M 657), BIRMINGHAM

A Perfect Food for Growing Children

As Baby grows older he needs something more than just milk and then is the time to start Nestlé's Milo Food. Most patent foods are unsuitable because they contain starch or flour which has not been changed into maltose and dextrin, and cannot therefore be digested by a child's sensitive stomach.

This change has taken place in the case of Nestlé's Milo Food which contains all that a young child requires, in an easily digested form.

NESTLÉ'S MILO FOOD

For Children, Invalids and Nursing Mothers. Of all Chemists and Stores. In 1/- and 2/- tins.

If unobtainable locally, write direct to us, giving the name and address of your chemist or store. Send only the value of tin required. We will pay cost of delivery, or a Free Sample will be sent on receipt of 2d. stamp to cover postage.

NESTLÉ'S (Dept. M.S.)
6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3.

HOW TO GET RID OF CATARRH.

A Simple, Safe, Inexpensive Method that Clears Out the Head, Nose and Throat.

Cigarettes Sent Free.

There is no disease more offensive or disagreeable or no disease that will lead to as much serious trouble as catarrh. You can now get rid of it by a simple, safe, pleasant home remedy discovered by Dr. Blosser (U.S.A.), a catarrh specialist.

Dr. Blosser's Remedy is composed of medicinal herbs, flowers and berries, which you smoke in a dainty pipe or cigarette. The smoke-vapour is inhaled into all the air-passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It contains no cubebs or tobacco, and may be used by women and children as well as men.

This medicated smoke carries medicine where sprays, douches and ointments cannot possibly reach. Its effect is soothing and healing and is entirely harmless. If you are a sufferer from catarrh, asthma, catarrhal deafness, or subject to frequent colds, you should try this Remedy without delay.

Any well-stocked chemist's shop can supply Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes. The new small 1/6 packet contains 20 cigarettes.

A trial package, containing four cigarettes, will be posted to any catarrh sufferer quite free. Address, Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 D.K.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. 4, to prove their delightful and remarkable effectiveness.

Our Letter Parliament

Punishment for Profiteers

Our Readers Air their Views on this and Other Subjects

The Real Dictator.

Why haven't we some recognised form of punishment for moral responsibility? As you point out, the real dictator of this reign of industrial terror is the profiteer; and it is safe to say that most social evils can be traced to this unwholesome pest. Well-merited penal servitude would help us further towards industrial peace than centuries of present-day politics.—*Charles Bulpitt, Gateshead.*

Cause of Strikes?

All readers will appreciate your exposure of the pernicious work of the "rings," which take in possession of the necessities of life, shut out competition, and make their own prices. It must be obvious to all thinking people that whatever concessions in wages are conceded to the workers, the "ring" and combine automatically take it from them. A. G. G. has shot at the root cause of most of our strikes.—*Richard Stephenson.*

Apathy to Blame.

The article by your contributor on the big combines is very welcome. We know that such control exists, but the people are becoming so apathetic to their own welfare that the scandal continues. This apathy in the individual is responsible for the apathy in official circles, and it is the greatest danger to the nation to-day. It is reflected in the polling returns and everywhere else.—*John Wilson, Falkirk.*

Cheap Production.

A. G. G. admits that these great combinations effect economies in production, but he refuses to advocate that policy which is the logical outcome of his argument. If large-scale scientific organisation of industry can produce more cheaply than the old small-scale competitive methods it should be encouraged; but if the enterprising organisers use their power merely to prey upon the consumer, the State must take over the existing machinery and use it for the service of its members.—*John H. Evans.*

Smaller Profits?

A. G. Gardiner's article on Trusts proves how helpless the public is against these parasites. There is only one possible solution—the statutory limitation of profits in every industry, with adequate safeguards against over-capitalisation, gigantic reserve funds, and similar evasions. The existing state of affairs, which is rapidly becoming intolerable, also breeds incessant industrial unrest.—*E. B. W., Jersey.*

More Publicity.

A. G. G.'s article on the "Fat Spider" should be broadcast. His message should be printed in every paper and periodical that is published; it should be read to the scholars in every school; the constituents should write to their members of parliament calling attention to his article and asking them to ventilate this scandal on the floor of the House of Commons. It is only by such publicity that the rings can be made to discontinue their methods.—"*Indignant,*" *Kent.*

Life a Costly Affair.

It is all very well drawing attention to the profiteering of the "trusts" and "combines," but the game still goes on and nobody but yourself expresses the indignation of the people of the country. It is time some Government action was taken to put a stop to the blood-sucking of the big interests. Life is a costly enough affair without the added burden of our necessaries being controlled.—*Mrs. H. L., Swansea.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

The Nation's Need.

We have it from many unassailable sources of authority that sterilisation is imperative if we are to prevent the procreation of unfit individuals. Surely the arguments recently reiterated in "J.B.," are sufficiently convincing, and yet nothing appears to be done. Now comes Mr. King's article, packed with common-sense and convincing truths. "Health first—then Love." Certainly this should be our slogan, if we wish to prevent the bulldog race, of which we are so proud, degenerating into a nation of worms.—*L. R. O., Oldham.*

The Miner's Wife.

Surely "A Gentleman with a Duster" does not believe that his heroine, "A Miner's Wife Who Knows," is typical of miners' wives? I have lived amongst them for three years, and I have found them, as a class, full of understanding and sound common-sense. They are ambitious, too, both for themselves and for their children, and their homes are as clean and well furnished as any working-class homes in the country. There may be stupid and illiterate women who are miners' wives, but that does not mean that all miners' wives are stupid and illiterate women.—*J. F., Rossington.*

"An Amazing Document."

This miner's wife's letter is not amazing except to those who do not or will not know the facts. "Duster" writes as though all this suffering and righteous bitterness was a *brand-new discovery.* It is far from that, as miners and their dependents know to their cost; they have existed under horrible conditions ever since coal was discovered. It is a cry from the wilderness, to destroy the present system under which these gallant men and women suffer, and give them a chance to enjoy some of the beautiful things in this world.—"*Aston,*" *Worcester.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"KENTISH EXPRESS":—"He was found lying unconscious in the road some time afterwards WHERE HE REMAINED FOR SEVERAL WEEKS."

"SPORTS MAIL":—"After taking THE WHEELS OFF a bread cart used for taking supplies to the institution, they WHEELED IT into the river."

"HOME NOTES":—"She HEARD the SMILE in his VOICE, and something within her thrilled in answer."

"PEG'S COMPANION":—"She lay down and turned away her face, two big TEARS forcing themselves between her closed LIPS."

"NORTHERN DAILY MAIL":—"A fire that was visible for many YEARS destroyed the greater part of a big timber yard."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO":—"The only evidence offered was by Dr. ——, who said he inserted five stitches IN THE WORLD."

"YELLOW MAGAZINE":—"A slim girl with DARK EYES AND singularly sweet GREY EYES turned from the window at the movement."

"NORTHAMPTONSHIRE EVENING TELEGRAPH" (advert.):—"To let, furnished, sitting and bedroom IN KITCHEN AND BATH; middle-aged couple preferred."

Sex Knowledge for Boys.

It is only right for mothers to teach their girls sex knowledge. But what about fathers giving their boys some teaching, too? It is greatly needed. If boys were brought up to respect girls and women there would be a lot less misery in the world. Decent fathers could surely give their boys some advice that would help them in later years. There are too many boys left to grow up with the idea that women are mere playthings.—"*Justice.*"

Love in the Open.

I agree with A. M. B., Halifax, that mothers should encourage open courtship and try to gain the perfect confidence of their girls and boys about their love affairs. I have grown-up children, and I know very little encouragement will unburden their minds about any little "affair." I think it a mother's duty to see and speak to her children's friends, then she can, with a few tactful conversations, detect the good from the bad. The pure minded are always glad to meet the parents of their sweethearts.—*Mrs. Shannon, Bolam, Northumberland.*

Limitation of Families.

Many respectable people show the whites of their eyes in horror when the presumably indelicate subject of birth control is mentioned. Why? Do they suggest that deliberate limitation of families is not practised by some for economic reasons, and by others because parenthood is an inconvenience which interferes with social engagements and pleasures? The problem is simplified when it is remembered that the celibate state in marrried life exacts the price of unhappiness, and can only exist when all love is lost.—*C. B. A., York.*

"Rubbish Shot Here."

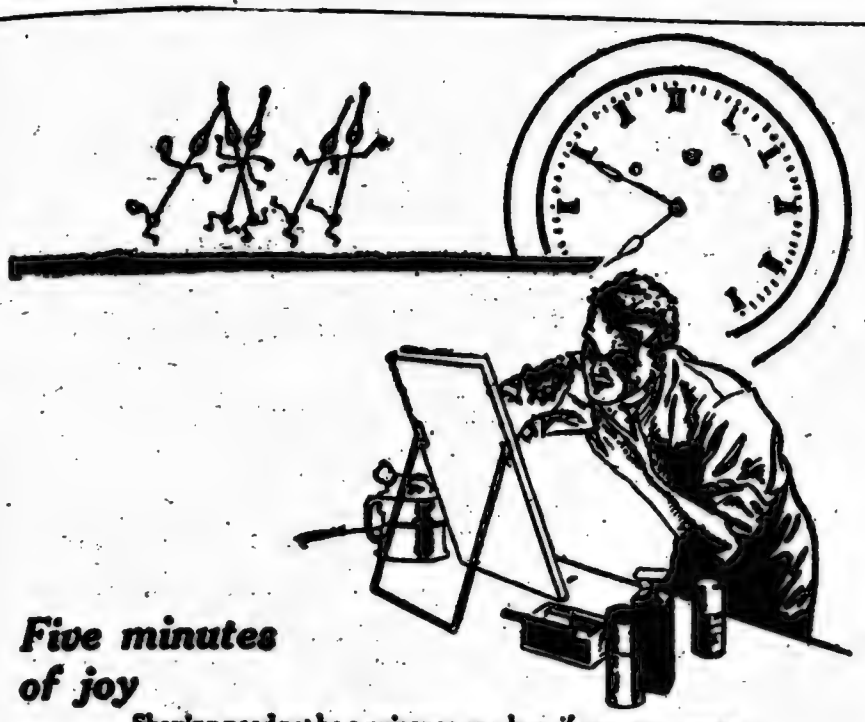
It is a splendid thing to prevent our defective citizens from having children. But why don't we take the most obvious step of raising our physical and mental standard by welcoming the right type of immigrant and discouraging the wrong? We let them *all* come. We are the only nation that does. Neither our colonies nor other nations will accept "unfit" Englishmen. They *do* accept some 200,000 healthy emigrants from us annually. When shall we wake up to the folly of making Britain a home for the off-scourings of other nations?—*Birmingham Reader.*

Brains that Go West.

You state that our skilled men are going to a land that can employ them gratefully and with a will, and where ca-canny is at a discount. This is perfectly true. America appreciates skill. If an ingenious workman discovers some improvement, and suggests another way of doing a job, his employer will probably say: "We'll try it." In this country he would be considered presumptuous and would be met with the response, "This is the way we always do it, and we'll go on doing it."—*J. R. W., Glasgow.*

Home-work—a Suggestion.

Adults generally forget that the conditions of the average home are unsuitable for study. A quiet room is necessary for scholastic work; yet in these days of crowded houses it is a rarity. A boy has often to translate Cæsar while his sister is practising on the piano, and his mother singing the baby to sleep, in the same room! Yet teachers say that some independent work is essential. "Silence rooms" should be opened in schools every evening, where children could do their work under supervision.—"*Undergraduate,*" *Birmingham.*



Five minutes of joy

Shaving need not be a nuisance or a bore if you use a soap that is comfortable and convenient to apply from the start, that yields a rich, creamy lather, that makes the razor glide and leaves a refreshed after-feeling of smooth, soothed cleanliness. You will make shaving a joy if you use Vinolia Shaving Stick, with the domed top.

In aluminium cases	1/3
Refills	1/-
Cream, in tubes	1/6

BRITISH MADE
BRITISH OWNED

Vinolia
SHAVING SOAP

Soothes the skin—makes the razor glide

VINOLIA CO. LTD. LONDON RV 6740—54

Felix, the film cat which appears exclusively in Pathé's Eve and Everybody's Film Review.

FELIX THE CAT

FREE FOR 100 COUPONS

It's a great idea. The kiddies are all so excited! and why not, when you can win one for them for 100 coupons found in the famous "BLACK CAT" Cigarette packets. Many other prizes, too.
Think of a soft cuddly Felix for your nursery—then start collecting!
Write for the Free Gift Booklet.

FILL THIS COUPON IN TO-DAY

Black Cat
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6D

To THE BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO., Dept. S, Arcadia Works, City Road, London, E.C.2. Please send me Free Gift Booklet and Five Free Coupons.

Name.....

Address.....

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"What! Buying Soap, Old Man?"

WHAT for? For so many different things. To clean my tennis balls. They have got so soiled.

To clean my flannel suit and make it like new again.

You know that Tweed suit which I've used for gardening? Well, I found that it was not really worn—only very dirty, so I made it look new again with Preservene Soap.

I took some home to my wife and the first thing she did was to get rid of washing day trouble.

The next thing she did was to clean the house from top to bottom just as a pure enjoyment. When I went into the parlour I thought she'd bought a new carpet. Nothing of the kind. She had simply washed it with Preservene Soap.

It is not like other soaps. You don't have to rub or scrub. The Soap does the work, and after all, that is what soap is for, isn't it?

Do as I am doing, George. Take some Preservene Soap home to the wife and have more peace and comfort. Tell your pals. If they don't believe you, tell them to send for a FREE sample. The Company will send anybody a FREE sample if they fill in the Coupon below. A businesslike firm, that, too!

FOUR E'S
PRESERVENE
SOAP FOR EASE

Post this Coupon for Free Sample. Don't seal envelope.

To THE AUSTRALIAN SOAP COMPANY (Dept. 283), 215/217, Mare Street, Hackney, E.3.

Name .....

Address .....

Town..... *County*.....

John Bull 3/5/24

This applies to England and Wales, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man only

Don't Neglect a Cold

Mothers, don't let colds settle. At the first cough or sneeze, rub Musterole on the throat and chest.

Musterole is a pure, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It draws out congestion, relieves soreness, does all the work of the good-old-fashioned mustard plaster in a gentler way, without the blister.

Keep a jar handy. It may prevent pneumonia in your home.

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MILLER'S MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER

Thos. Christy & Co., London

A FINE PERMANENT EDGE

is a feature of the MAB which makes shaving a real pleasure. This combined with its handy size and shape enables the toughest beard to be removed with ease and safety in 3 minutes. Booklet on shaving free on request.

"Mab" DWARF Razor

PRICES: Dwarf Size, 4/6; Medium, 5/6. Pairs in Cases, 12/6, 14/6. Also made in other Patterns. The Rich Tension Strop, 3/6. Of all Dealers or Post Free from MAB CO., 720, NEWHALL ST., BIRMINGHAM

BABY CARS from 54/-.

DIRECT FROM FACTORY, On Approval.

CARRIAGE PAID. Retail Profits Saved. Cash or Easy Terms. *Send for Catalogue of 30 Lovely Designs.* DIRECT PUBLIS SUPPLY CO. (Dept. 134), Coventry.

For the Voice

'Yadil' Pastilles have met with immediate success. Their effect on the vocal cords is remarkable. All fatigue is removed in a few minutes. Recently a well-known auctioneer offering pedigree cattle found his voice completely gone. He had to stop. One 'Yadil' Pastille gave him back his voice in less than one minute. Refuse substitutes. 1/- per tin. Of all chemists, or post-free from Clement and Johnson Limited 19 Sicilian Avenue London W.C.1.

'YADIL' PASTILLES

W.B.P.

BIG PRICES PAID For OLD FALSE TEETH

Bring the teeth to my address and cash will be paid to you over the counter or fill in coupon, and I will send you FREE an Addressed Box for sending teeth.

To Mr. E. LEWIS (Desk 29) 24, Warwick St., off Regent St., London W.1.

Sir,—Please send to me an addressed box for sending Old Artificial Teeth that I have for disposal, on the clear understanding that you will return the teeth to me, post paid, if I do not consider your cash offer satisfactory.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Postage ½d. if sent in open envelope.

Also at 29, London St., Southport.

Dr. Burchardi the Lifegiver

Lady's Remarkable Letter to "John Bull"

The Editor of JOHN BULL has received the following letter from a reader. It is an entirely spontaneous testimony to the success of the Burchardi Treatment as applied to women, apart from men, and thus supplements the statements contained in the series of articles on this most important subject by Mr. A. G. Hales, the well-known journalist, which recently appeared in JOHN BULL.

The letter, with its inspiring message of hope to the thousands of nerve-racked, despairing women of this country, is reproduced in its entirety, with name and address of the writer given in full at her express wish, "in appreciation," as she herself writes, "of my own wonderful recovery, and because it may be the means of bringing to other sufferers the joys of recovered health and strength which are mine to-day."

Barnes, S.W., Surrey.

The Editor, "John Bull."

DEAR SIR,

Mr. A. G. Hales has rightly named Dr. Burchardi "The Lifegiver!" Like Mr. Hales, I too was as nearly down and out as it is possible to be, and yet live. Only those who have been, or are going, through the horrors of a serious nervous collapse can realise the full meaning of these words. I was driven to the verge of despair, when chance—or was it Providence?—led me to a newsvendor's where I bought a copy of JOHN BULL dated 29th December, 1923, and the first thing my eye lighted upon was an article by Mr. Hales telling of his own nervous breakdown and the wonderful cure effected by the great Scientist of 27, New Cavendish Street. For this I now wish to express to Mr. Hales my most grateful thanks.

Just as a drowning man will clutch at a straw, I caught on to the tiny spark of hope kindled by his letter, and decided to interview Dr. Burchardi. On New Year's Day, under him and his equally famous colleague, Dr. Heyman, began a course of treatment which in one month almost restored me to perfect health. Another month completed the cure, and to-day, when friends fail to recognise in me the dull-eyed, pale, unhappy, despairing, nervous wreck of 2 to 3 short months ago, I take it as the greatest compliment they can pay me.

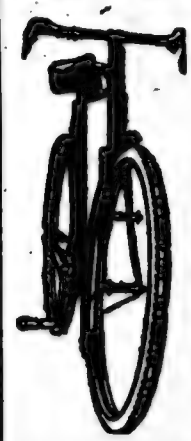
Once again I thank Mr. Hales for his letter of 20.12.23, but I am also writing in the hope that other victims may read, and learn where to go for relief—that blessed relief which will surely be theirs if they will but seek it, because Dr. Burchardi and failure are strangers to each other. There are no failures at 27, New Cavendish Street.

March 20th, 1924. "(Miss) L. ENGEL."

The original letter may be seen at the offices of JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Readers desiring further information and full particulars regarding the wonderful Burchardi Treatment, both for men and women, should write to Dr. Burchardi or call personally at 27, New Cavendish Street, London, W. 1.

The fares you save will pay for this SWIFT Bicycle



For it costs but fivepence a day to purchase the Swift, and you ride as you pay. And remember always when you ride a Swift, you ride the "World's Best Bicycle."

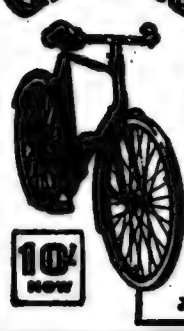
Prices from £7:10:0: cash, or 11/4 per month.

Write for fuller particulars and illustrated catalogue to:

Dept 6, SWIFT OF COVENTRY Ltd., COVENTRY, or to Dept. 6B, London Depot, 133, Long Acre, W.C.2

180

GRAVES



10/- NOW

WORLD'S BEST CYCLE. The highest point of All British engineering excellence. Warranted 10 yrs. HANS RENOLD CHAIN; CLINCHER A-WON TYRES; DUNLOP WESTWOOD RIMS; BOWDEN BRAKES; B.S.A. FREE WHEEL; BRAMPTON'S RODS; REYNOLD'S STEEL TUBES; WILLIAMS' CHAIN WHEEL; SPIRAL SPRING SADDLE. PRICE £7:10:0 (Ladies' Model same price) Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 10/- with order. Balance 10/- monthly if satisfied. Money back in full if disappointed. CATALOGUE Post Free. Complete range of Models. J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

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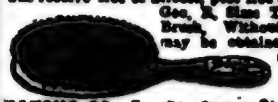

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Metropolitan Machinists Co., Ltd. (Dept. D2), 163 & 165, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.
From 2/6 Weekly
DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOUR DOOR

Motoring for the Million

What to get for £400

by MOTOMAC

IN car selection too much advice is almost as bad as too little. One correspondent has been asking all his motoring friends what he should buy, with the result that he is in a bigger dilemma than ever, for they all recommend different makes.

The simple plan is that of elimination. If you have, say, £400 to spend, the range is lessened. If you want a roomy car capable of carrying five people for that money, we have still further reduced the number. If you want to leave your money in the country where you earn it, further exemptions still must be made.

Having dealt with many of the small cars up to 10 h.p., it might be worth while looking at the sturdy British type which has evolved round about 14 h.p.

For a heavily built comfort car, fourteen horse-power is about the minimum. A little extra power is particularly useful to the comparatively inexperienced driver, as in the early stages it is not quite so easy to get the maximum power out of the engine.

Having made a short list, make an appointment to try them. Many things are different when viewed from the driver's seat. Leg room, position of levers and controls vary more than most people think. An adjustable seat for the driver should, by this time, have been adopted all round, and it is still the exception.

FACED with the proposition of buying a car of this type, I should look at the 14 Crossley, the Bean 14, Armstrong Siddeley 14, and The Wolseley. They are all cars of quality, and all produced by firms of repute and experience. The Crossley is a cheaper form of the famous 19.6 h.p. brought out to meet the popular demand, but still in every way a Crossley: 4 cylinder, side valve engine, magneto ignition. Comfortable for five, and carrying them for thirty miles on a gallon. Tax £16 per annum. Price £395.

The Bean 14 is a similar type, but here we have an exception. The four-speed gear is not usually associated with a popular-priced car, and although three-speeds are quite sufficient for all driving purposes, four-speeds add to the delight of driving. Price £395, tax £14.

In the Armstrong fourteen the four-cylinder engine is of the overhead valve type: fast, responsive, economical. The body is very attractive and very comfortable. This, too, is the production of a factory with experience mainly on higher-priced cars, and much of the resulting refinement has been passed on to the popular model. The open touring model is offered at £360, or with special equipment, £385. Tax £15 per annum

The Wolseley 14 h.p. is one of a famous group. Costing £425, it should really be eliminated, if we stick to the rules, but if you really fancy a thing it is best to squeeze a bit extra to get it. It is called a fourteen, but it is a big fourteen, and will cost £16 per annum in tax.

For particulars of new cars and accessories fill in details and address to "Motomac," "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

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ADDRESS .....

.....

MORRIS Cars

A Morris improves with use.

The MORRIS-COWLEY 4-Seater.

THE EASY CAR,

Easy to Drive. Easy to Maintain. Easy to Obtain

The Tax is small (£12)—The running cost negligible. The famous engine—"Imshi the Infallible"—will give you many thousands of miles delightful service, without ever a glance at its "innards." There is no waiting for delivery of a Morris-Cowley 4-Seater—You can drive one home to-day. If your agent cannot supply, write the makers direct. And remember, there are no "extras" to buy with this car.

IT IS COMPLETE AT ITS ADVERTISED PRICE £225

ALL BRITISH MOTORISTS should read "The Morris Owner," the new monthly motoring paper published by Morris Motors Ltd. Official information on getting the best results from the Morris. Profusely illustrated: Obtainable from any dealer or sub-dealer. Fourpence monthly.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED FOLDER.

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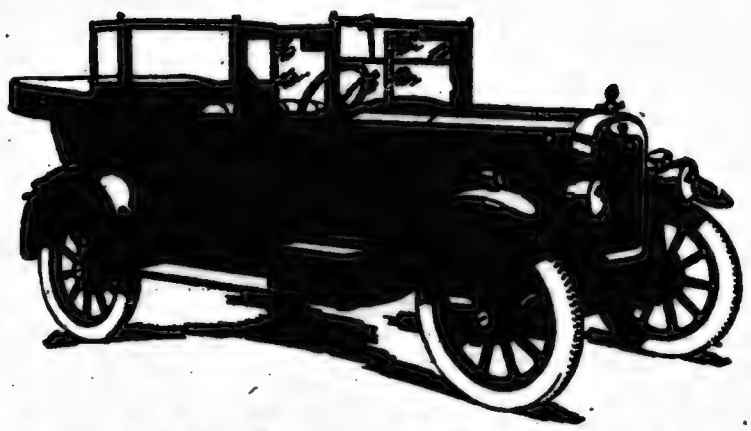

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THOUSANDS of Overland owners testify to its reliability and efficiency, combining power and comfort with economy, and it may be said that the problem of producing a comfortable five-seater family car, equipped with every convenience required by the up-to-date motorist at a moderate price, has been solved by the latest English Overland five-seater De-Luxe Model, which includes amongst its equipment:

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Gre-Solvent is invaluable for cleaning pots and pans, lino, woodwork and the insides of gas ovens. It removes all dirt and stains instantly—and at the end of the day it will cleanse your hands, leaving the skin soft, smooth and white.

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MILES AHEAD OF SOAP

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Advice Bureau. *See page 34.*

M. B. (Putney).—"I have two hundred pounds saved up." Capital.

F. B. (Streatham).—"Every member of the family wants to write to you." All right, all write!

G. L. (Kirkcudbright).—"Were there lions in England in the Middle Ages? Only dandelions.

H. T. (Southampton).—"I only asked him a civil question and he hit me on the nose." A striking rejoinder.

W.A.(Thornton Heath).—"The summer is naturally the children's time." Then we must look out for a little sun.

M. G. R. (Mark's Tey).—"What is the maximum penalty for burglary?" If you want to know the time, ask a policeman.

M. V. (Cleethorpes).—"A highly educated woman does not make a good wife." Nonsense! There's no reason why a M.A. shouldn't be a good Ma.

W. McC. (Clydebank).—"Bolshevism has come to stay." And we're taking jolly good care that it doesn't come to stay with us.

C. M. (Dudley).—"I am quite bald at forty." Console yourself with the reflection that cranial nudity is a frequent concomitant of cerebral efficiency.

P. S. (Marchwood).—"My little boy cannot sit still for two minutes." Perhaps he has had a misunderstanding with the schoolmaster.

P. C. (Pudsey).—"I have had a good many hard knocks lately." From the photograph you sent us you seemed to have a rapt expression.

B. P. (Holton Heath).—"I take no exercise, but can stand the most trying weather." Probably you're too slow to catch a cold.

F. S. (Dulwich).—"Now is the time to put overcoats away for the winter." And be careful not to lose the ticket or Uncle will be cross.

L. D. (Canning Town).—"It is annoying to sit in a theatre when everybody seems to have a cold." Managers don't mind, though, as long as everybody coughs up at the box office.

S. G. (Llamberis).—"Young people ought to look after old people." They ought. But, when they turn their heads in the streets, they are always looking after young people.

G. D. (Liverpool).—"Perhaps you think I deserve something for my revelations." Sure! We are forwarding you a handsome, scarlet-bound copy of the Life of Ananias.

P. S. T. (Hastings).—"It was most insulting of him to refer to me as looking like nothing on earth." Cheer up! Probably he meant that you looked angelic.

K. R. (Netley).—"Life isn't all honey." That may be, but it's very sweet.

R. K. A. (Sutton-in-Ashfield).—"Often I see pictures in the fire." And often we see pictures that should be there.

J. B. H. (Tonbridge).—"How do I go about being a poet." If you're wise, warily.

W. D. (Denny).—"Estate agents make plenty of money." They certainly handle *lots*!

B. J. L. (S.W.2).—"Any fool can write a letter." Your own letter is unanswerable proof of your contention.

S. F. (Tarbet).—"No one should be allowed to strike." There'd be a lot of unemployed boxers.

T. H. (Saltburn).—"I believe in paying my doctor promptly." To show there's no ill feeling, we suppose.

P. S. (Skipton).—"How can I make a name for myself?" Apply to any rubber stamp manufacturer.

G. K. (Norwich).—"Few people know how to use their eyes." The modern flapper, however, is an exception.

N. R. (Shanklin).—"Many people often mistake me for the boss of the firm I work for." There's nothing like looking "a head."

B. H. (Harrow).—"There is nothing to be gained by looking for trouble." But, unfortunately, these days most people don't have to look for it—it *will* butt in.

M. S. (Dover).—"In my opinion a woman is at her best when she's about thirty-five." Then it's surprising how many women hate admitting they're at their best.

A. D. (Rushden).—"I done so well they gave me the prize, a crystal set." Seems to us a grammar-phone would have been more useful.

D. C. (Girvan).—"The English have not even got a national instrument." Perhaps that's why so many Scots, hearing their own, move across the border.

GEORGE K. (Tamworth).—"Some people think that all one requires on a holiday is a pound note and a clean shirt." And then probably they wouldn't change either.

D. S. (Melrose).—"My office-boy has one fault, he can't tell the truth." Send him out travelling.

B. E. (Harrow).—"If you ask me the Exhibition won't pay." But we didn't ask you.

P. B. (Penarth).—"This fellow Byron seems to have been hot stuff." True; he wrote melting verses and ended in Greece.

S. E. (Newcastle).—"I ran across the fellow while he was drinking beer." Caught him on the hop, so to speak.

G. L. (Ilford).—"They say fish is a brain food, but I never touch it." It is not for us to question your discretion.

L. K. F. (Selby).—"Constant pin-pricks wear away stone." A penetrating observation.

F. S. (Buterne).—"Wives are expensive luxuries." Well, you mustn't expect ducks without bills.

P. L. A. (Harpingden).—"What do you think is the greatest essential in letter writing?" Knowing when to "stop."

W. S. (Whitby).—"My boss wastes half his time at the pictures." A bad business, when the principal shows no interest.

K. (Taplow).—"I've just worked one or two big problems out of my own head." That must have reduced your weight considerably.

F. J. B. (Goole).—"There are two patent fire-places on the market which are precisely the same." Evidently "grate" minds think alike.

F. G. (Taunton).—"I think the world wants more babies—I am sure they bring luck to the home." Surely, you are not advocating "mass cots."

F. T. R. (Ripon).—"Young people to-day indulge in too much light reading." Which reminds us we haven't yetexamined the gas account that has just come in.

B. M. (Egham).—"I have been working on the railway for over twenty years, and I am still waiting for promotion." Surely, you must be on the wrong track.

M. K. O. (Braintree).—"Can you tell if there are any fish to be caught in the Thames during the month of July?" We can only suggest that you drop them a line.

P. B. (Dewsbury).—"I should like to air my views." They badly needed it.

P. S. D. (Hove).—"As a writer, I could give you a few wrinkles." You have.

D. A. P. (Ripley).—"I should like a business with a quick turnover." Why not try pancake-making?

L. S. (Leeds).—"There are plenty of Scotch in America." Yes; and there is.

NON-SMOKER (Crowhill).—"All tobacco should be burnt." Exactly.

C. F. (Taplow).—"Does the Government know there's a housing shortage?" Well, we've told them often enough.

L. M. (Horsham).—"One of my hens has just laid two eggs in one day." Laying the others two to one as it were.

D. B. (Enfield).—"I hope you can find a room for the enclosed letter." Sorry. We're not a flat.

G. F. (Watford).—"What is the hardest thing we can say of the modern flapper?" Try calling her effeminate.

L. K. F. (Highbury).—"What becomes of the errand boy?" We often wonder that.

H. H. (Victoria).—"Now is the time to put fur-lined coats away for the summer." Theatrical papers please copy.

C. P. J. (Nottingham).—"What does the tennis boom signify?" Increased net sales.

G. G. (Lynton).—"Wasn't I entitled to swear when I found a big hole in my sock." You were justified in saying, "Darn it."

B. B. (Taplow).—"Some of the Russians who recently arrived here looked as if they needed a holiday." You must have seen the Russian delicates!

M. R. K. (Chelmsford).—"Last week I sat on a Committee for five hours." We can only assume that you had a resolution to squash.

P. D. (London, N.).—"I want my boy to be a doctor but he is keen on entering the Army." Why not split the difference and let him join the lancers?

G. S. (Birmingham).—"My wife hasn't spoken to me for two days." Considerate woman—she's giving you a chance to think of a £250 *Bullet*.

B. T. T. (Standworth).—"I am afraid that some men are inclined to favour girls who are fast." Whereas, it would be more to their credit if they ran after the chaste.

L. D. (Kettering).—"There are many inspectors who do not inspect." Then we must obviously have inspectors to inspect the inspectors of the inspectors who do not inspect.

K. H. (Maida Vale).—"We are too prone to believe that motorists are careless." Some pedestrians find themselves too prone to be able to have any opinion on the matter at all.

LANCE-CORPORAL (Cologne).—"In Berlin, with a population of four millions there is only one revue." This strengthens our suspicion that the Germans are having a jolly good time.

G. H. F. (Streatham).—"Does the furniture at No. 10 Downing Street belong to the nation?" No. Each retiring Prime Minister takes his suites of office away with him.

D. G. (Putney).—"It must be the ambition of an oarsman's life to stroke a University eight." Not only of an oarsman. The flappers down your way would have liked to if they dared.

S. F. J. (Southend).—"As the summe progresses, the young man will gradually assume that coveted tanned appearance." Although not coveting it, the small boy will probably assume the same hue, but it will not be apparent except for his disinclination to sit down.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Straight from the Shoulder

RAMSAY MACDONALD: There is a certain bookish association about the word socialism.

Yes: experience teaches, doesn't it?

* * *

DEAN INGE:—The voice of the people is the voice of a parrot.

You are mistaken. Parrot-cries are the prerogative of the politician.

* * *

MR. WHEATLEY:—We have still over one million unemployed.

And we are still waiting for the promised remedy.

* * *

SIR BEDDOES REES:—Socialism means slavery of the worst kind.

What sort of slavery is 40 hours per week for 12s. 6d.—the best kind?

* * *

DAVID KIRKWOOD:—Labour lawyers are no better than lawyers belonging to the other two Parties.

Nor are Labour politicians for the matter of that.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE:—It is too much to suppose that we hold the affectionate regard of other nations.

The story of the Pharisee who passed by on the other side might supply you with the reason.

* * *

P. J. DOLLAN:—Never at any time has there been any feeling that the Government has not been acting on behalf of the working classes.

You've stated our case in a nutshell.

* * *

JAMES MURPHY:—To-day the Fascists are the only party that have an accredited Labour following in Italy.

Seeing what happens to any other Party who dares to oppose Mussolini we're not impressed.

* * *

SIR THOMAS BARLOW:—Temperance teaching in schools has come to stay.

There's a difference between temperance teaching and anti-alcoholic lectures—which is what you mean.

WHY WE WILL TRUST "JOHN BULL" READERS.

4/6 worth of Medicine Post-free: No Pay Unless Benefited.

This is a Fair and Honest offer that we could not make if we did not trust both JOHN BULL readers and our own medicine—Vitæ-Ore, Nature's own life-giving remedy. Some medicines benefit only some people.

VITÆ-ORE IS DIFFERENT.

Our tonic beverage Vitæ-Ore **always** benefits those who need it. We will therefore send you a full-sized 4s. 6d. packet, making a whole month's supply, post free, on the sole understanding that you will pay for it unless you write and say that you are no better for it. **You will be better for it.**

No drug or patent medicine could be offered on such terms. If there were any reasonable chance that Vitæ-Ore would not do you good, there would be so many people who would not pay that we should be ruined!

VITÆ-ORE IS EXPENSIVE—TO US.

Vitæ-Ore is brought 5,000 miles—extracted from the dried residue of the most valuable natural healing spring in the world—the only one found by the medical profession to possess actual vitalising powers, giving new life to men and women who are ill or run down for need of full vitality.

> *The Lancet*, the most cautious and authoritative medical paper in existence, said of it "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory": the *Medical Magazine* (another doctor's paper) said: "We have no hesitation in recommending Vitæ-Ore."

The Government, having analysed Vitæ-Ore at Somerset House, exempted it from the stamp duty on patent medicines (which would have been 1s.) because Vitæ-Ore is not a patent medicine. You can have full confidence in using Vitæ-Ore; it is (as mixed for use) practically tasteless, and can be taken instead of water at meals.

HOW VITÆ-ORE CURES.

Vitæ-Ore cures by increasing the natural vitality of the system. Not only your aches and pains or the chronic ailment that you supposed was incurable; your indigestion, your nervous debility, the early effects of advancing years are done away with; but you are better all over too. Your mind works better. Your muscles are strengthened. Your vital powers are renewed. You feel younger, more vigorous. You are better looking—your skin and eyes are clearer. It is Nature working in you. Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vitæ-Ore. Among the ailments which have definitely disappeared when Vitæ-Ore was taken are

Anæmia	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Enfeebled Nerves
Sciatica	Kidney and
Lumbago	Bladder Weakness
St. Vitus' Dance	Sluggish Liver and
Dyspepsia	All run-down conditions due to the Stomach, Kidneys, Nerves and Liver
Chronic Indigestion	
Backache in Women	

But these are only some of the things from which relief can be obtained. Whatever is wrong with you Vitæ-Ore will help you because **while every other remedy only attacks the symptoms of disease Vitæ-Ore restores the loss of vitality which is the cause of all disease.**

Do not delay. Take advantage of this offer at once. A month's supply sent without a penny of payment until you have taken the whole; and no charge if you say you are not benefited. It is what YOU say, not what WE say.

V.-O. VITALISES.

The stress and strain of a long winter may have diminished your vitality and necessitate a tonic. Use Vitæ-Ore to restore your vigour. Even if you do not feel greatly run down, this precaution is wise, and you will feel the benefit. You will feel the warm, rich blood coursing through your veins when you have used Vitæ-Ore; and remember, there is no charge if you say you feel no better.

That we are able to sell Vitæ-Ore on this Trial System and get payments for tens of thousand of packets prove V.-O. **must** benefit those who use it. If they were not benefited they would not pay.

Our offer is a liberal one. We send you a whole month's supply—no benefit, no pay. And you DO pay; for you ARE benefited; you will be glad and happy to pay if you accept our offer.

DO NOT DELAY. TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE OFFER AT ONCE. FILL IN THE COUPON OR COPY IT, AND POST IT TO THEO. NOEL CO., LTD., (DEPT. 19), 29, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4.

Send this Without Money for 4s. 6d. Packet lasting a Month.

To the THEO. NOEL CO., LTD.
(Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a month's supply of "Vitæ-Ore," with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report result in 30 days.

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not I will write and say so, and in that case **You Are to Charge Me Nothing.**

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KNICKERS to match. Directoire 6/6, 2 for 12/6, 3 for 18/-

Money returned if not satisfied.

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1 26 x 52 pink and white striped Bath Towel.
2 21 x 32 linen Glass Cloths.

Weight of Parcel 8 lbs.

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When worry, mental strain, or overwork causes the nerves to give way, life becomes a mere miserable existence.

Get rid of nervous trouble by taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. William White, 128, Cherrywood Road, Bordesley Green, Birmingham, writes: "I have derived wonderful benefit from the use of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I first began to suffer with nervous trouble, weakness, etc., soon after arriving in Mesopotamia with the British Expeditionary Force during the late war. The treatment I received did me but little good; in fact, it was scarcely possible to effect a cure, as the climate was entirely against me. However, in 1918 I was persuaded by a comrade to try your great remedy—with wonderful success. I have continued the treatment at various intervals ever since, and I never fail to recommend Dr. Cassell's Tablets to my friends when the opportunity occurs."

TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

Take Dr. Cassell's Tablets for

Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia
Neuritis	Palpitation
Indigestion	Kidney Weakness
Sleeplessness	
Neurasthenia	Children's Weakness
Nerve Pains	
Headache	Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3; Family Size, 3/-.
Sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the Empire.

May Day Misery

Homes Where Chill Winter Still Lingers

WITH the coming of the maddest, merriest month of May, when Nature decks herself in her fairest raiment of flowers and fills the earth with music, most of us gladly bid farewell to memories of the miseries of the winter months and press forward with lighter hearts to greet the glories of summer, feeling that it is good to be alive.

Let us keep a song in our hearts, yet not forget that there are many homes where poverty and hunger overshadow the sunshine of spring, and "winter, lingering, chills the lap of May."

During Easter week we visited some of these homes, and found misery which was in strong contrast with the happiness of holiday time.

There was one in a London slum, where a gallant fellow who did splendid service during the war has since his discharge from the Army been engaged in a terrible struggle to support his wife and three children. Lately he has been unemployed through illness, and the only means of subsistence has been 7s. 6d. a week panel money and whatever the wife could earn by going out daily to do charing. Then the little ones fell sick with whooping cough, and required all their mother's attention, and the family were in a desperate plight when the case was brought to our notice.

Our Commissioner reported as follows: "They are very poor, very clean, and look hard-working, but they are half-starved. The children seem to be better fed than the parents. They have very good references, and the woman is anxious to go out to work again as soon as the children are better. There was no food in the house."

Another home visited was that of a service man's widow with four children. The poor woman has no pension, and has worked hard, going out daily to do housework and washing. She was stricken with influenza and unable to earn anything for several weeks. The rent thus got behind, and she was threatened with eviction. She had pawned almost the last available thing to provide food for the little ones before writing to us for assistance.

A third home of sorrow housed a feeble old man and his wife who, at the age of sixty-four, was endeavouring to earn enough by needlework to keep out of the workhouse. The old couple had bravely struggled through the long winter somehow, and were hoping for better times, when illness rendered the devoted bread-winners helpless, and they were plunged into despair.

These are a few of the many cases in which "The Greatest of These—" Fund comes like a ray of light in the darkness. Help us to dispel the clouds of misery which overshadow such homes this springtime by sending us subscriptions to the Fund.

All the expenses of administrations are borne gladly by JOHN BULL.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to those in need. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mrs. Agnes Birley, 2s. 6d.; G. Forrest, 1s.; Mrs. H. E. Wint, 2s. 6d.; A. Campbell, 6d.; Luton, 1s.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.; N. H. Dannatt, 6d.; E. I. Ding, 1s.; E. Quinton, 2s. 6d.; J. W., 2d.; "W.," £1; G. G. (Tooting), 2s.; "A Little to Help," 6d.; Ashton, 1s.; "A Scorman's Ninth" (Stretford), 2s. 6d.; "Mater" (Leeds), 10s.; F. D. M. Gy., 2s. 6d.; Snowball, 2s.; 2/9ths, E. M. C. 4s. 6d.; Stoker Petty Officers, "Revenge," 13s.; Lucky Shilling, "The Nest," 1s.; Mrs. A. Goodman, 1s.; "Ninth, Wellwisher," 6d.; "Perfect Trust," 6d.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 6d.; Grateful, 1s.; Wellwisher, 1s.; "Bunty and Chuckles," 4s. 2d.; Belfast, 3s.; "Widowed," parcel; W. Jones (Llangrinl), 1s.; "Olive Roxby," 6d.; Sympathy, Lucy, 8s.; Poult's 2 Weekly Ninths, 1s. 8d.; Tom (Malton), 1s.; H. E. May, 1s. 1d.; Crowcombe, parcel; J. Hall, 1s.; Tisby Grid, 3d.; E. Hastings, parcel; J. S. M., 6d.; 8th Old Maid's Mite, 2s.; A Ninth, F. S. (Newark), 2s. 6d.; Ida Fisher, 6d.; Unlucky, 3d.; "Thea," 10s.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; "For your good work, F. G. B., £1; New Southgate, parcel; E. T. Glass, parcel; David E. Williams, 4s. 3d.; One Ninth (Aberdeen), 2s. 3d.; Florance For Luck, 4d.; J. R. Powell, £1 1s.; Newcastle/Tyne, 2s.; Mrs. C. Salter, 2s. 6d.; H. B., 6d.; J. G. Francis, one dollar; J. M. I., 7½d.; Henrietta Hanne, 1s.; Another Ninth, A. K., 10s.; "T. H.," 3s.; "For the Master's Sake," 1s.; Ninth of "Winnings," 1s. 3d.; "Laura's Laura," 1s.; ZYZZ, 1s.; Son and Mother, 1s. 6d.

Fool-proof Marriages

PERIODICALLY somebody starts an Ideal Home exhibition, and all the latest domestic contrivances and labour-saving devices are paraded before eager wives and critical hubbies. There seems to be no end to the dazzling array of up-to-date domestic appliances.

But why doesn't someone think of the *human* element behind the homes?

It's all very well having electric toast racks and mechanical button-hooks, but the marriage machine, like everything else, is far from fool-proof.

Why, instead of making life a more complicated thing, doesn't someone try to clear up the simple domestic and human problems that confront husbands and wives every day of their lives? Surely here is scope for work of a far-reaching character.

EVERY day—every hour of every day, in fact—men and women are called upon to solve problems, ease worries, answer questions, make decisions. In the home, and in the workshop, these worries make themselves felt.

How are they overcome? Are *you* competent to deal with every emergency that arises, able to get rid of every worry that keeps you awake at nights? Or do you let them protrude themselves into the bosom of your family and make friction?

Husbands! Wives! Why worry any longer? Why make life miserable for one another by dodging those problems and avoiding the decision?

It doesn't matter what your worry is—bring it to JOHN BULL! Write to us about it! Our FREE ADVICE SERVICE is daily showing people the way to happiness. Let it help *you*!

WE have a staff of experts, each specialising in a particular subject, ready to tackle your questions. It costs you—a stamped addressed envelope inside your query! Was there ever such a service before? Can you afford to go on struggling with the same old worries, when we can solve them for you?

It doesn't matter what the subject is—Finance, Domestic, Business, Sport, Ex-Service, Law, Pensions, Wireless, etc., etc.—write to JOHN BULL about it!

Get on the fool-proof road that leads to Bliss, and make marriage and life something worth while. Remember, a puckered forehead is an appalling view for a wife across the breakfast table!

It's better to be safe than sorry. Whenever a business or domestic problem arises, write to JOHN BULL about it!

"BULLETS" HOLIDAYS

"WHAT has been done before can be done again," is a very good motto in its way, but we have found a better one on which to base our *Bullets* policy. That motto is—"What has *never* been done before, we can do"—and it has inspired a wonderful new Holiday Offer, more particulars of which will appear next week.

For the moment, competitors must be content with the startling news that this forthcoming prize-list will completely eclipse any previous Holiday Offer ever made, with a surprising series of *Thirty-seven* Big Holiday Prizes. A tour round the world, an extended Continental trip, a voyage to America, a happy holiday for you and your family at some favourite seaside resort—these are but a few of the opportunities which our Holiday Offer will place within your reach.

Watch this page and win a Bullets Holiday.

How You Can Help Us.

As occasion arises, we employ this column to help you to make better *Bullets*, and so win better prizes. Now we are going to give you an opportunity of helping us. By following the few hints below, you can do your part towards facilitating the work of our staff.

(1) Write your *Bullets* as legibly as you can. Since pencil entries are sometimes almost undecipherable, it is preferable to use ordinary writing ink. If entering two or more coupons, cut them apart and write your full name and address on each.

(2) If sending early entries for the following competition, it is more satisfactory to post them in a separate envelope.

(3) Before posting, make sure that you have enclosed a Postal Order for the correct amount, *i.e.*, at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used. See that your name and address is written on the back of the Order, and that your envelope is correctly addressed.

A Rejected Proposal.

A bright and generous thought inspires this suggestion from Miss M. E., of Liverpool. "Can you arrange for a prize," she enquires, "for the jolly old postman who delivers the First Prize-winner's cheque?" And another for the cheery old sorter who handled the letter, a powder puff for the sweet young thing who sold the Postal Order, and a lollipop for the dear old Postmaster-General? Alas, dear lady, we must reject your proposal as more magnanimous than practicable.

Originality Wins.

In recent contests we have noticed a number of *Bullets* which have been merely recent First Prize efforts adapted to current *Examples*. Almost every big prize-winning *Bullet* brings a stream of all but identical efforts in subsequent competitions. For instance, the winning *Bullet* "CAPITAL LEVY—WISH IT WORRIED ME" has been extensively "rehashed" into such form as "IF I WERE RICH—TAXES WOULDN'T WORRY ME," and the recent £1,000 winner, "THE MAIN OBJECT — APPARENTLY ME, CROSSING ROAD," has obviously inspired such *Bullets* as "NO LOSS—APPARENTLY ME, MOTORIST THINKS." But since originality of idea and phrasing is the essence of a good *Bullet*, there are no prizes for such obvious copying.

Great virgin forests of untouched ideas stand awaiting the axes of *Bullets* pioneers. Go ahead and win one of the five big prizes offered this week.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 521.

THE NEW BUDGET
PRETTY PASS
SHOWING A SURPLUS
OUR VISITORS
UNSKILLED
A BIG CROWD
HANGING FIRE
OPENING HER EYES
MOTHER EARTH
THE MAN SHE HATES
LARGE OR SMALL
LOOKS LIVELY
AFTER THE MATCH
CLOSING DOWN
MAN AND WOMAN
GIVING IN
SOONER THE BETTER
NOT LIKELY
WHY HE WAS SACKED.
AT A GLANCE
SENSIBLE GIRL
QUESTION OF THE HOUR
SUNNY DAYS
IGNORED
EASY TO TELL
WHEN MOVING
WHAT SHE GAVE
SMASHING
OUT IN THE STREET
AT HIS DESK
LOOKING AFTER HER
GOING ELSEWHERE

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 521 have purchased their copies of "John Bull." The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 510, can now be seen in the window of Mr. W. MITCHELL, High Street, Hanging Heaton, Batley, Yorks.

Result of Competition No. 519 will be published in next week's issue.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed: then give any **Two, Three, or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—YOUTH *Bullet*:—"CAGED" WILL BECOME "WILD."
Example:—THE SEQUEL *Bullet*:—SUCCESSFUL STRIKE—SUCCESSIVE STRIKES.
Example:—LIKE MAGIC *Bullet*:—BET CONJUROR'S RABBIT DOESN'T.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

☞ **ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO** "Bullets" No. 521, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Closing Date, Thursday, May 8.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(521) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, May 8.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(521) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

Closing Date, Thursday, May 8.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(521) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, May 8.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(521) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 522.

IN LONDON NOW—HOME LIFE—WHAT WE HEAR—YOUNG COUPLE—LADY NEXT DOOR—MOMENT OF MADNESS—SOON SETTLED—BITING—FOR REASONS UNKNOWN—CHIEF ATTRACTION—WHAT BABY LIKES—MY DINNER—WHY SHE CRIED—WRONG TIME—A SQUARE MEAL—AVOIDING PUNISHMENT—WHEN DANGER'S NEAR—AFTER MIDNIGHT—CHANGING HIS ARM—MOTHER'S BUTY.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, MAY 15th.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **522** in the top left-hand corner and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 522, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 521.

Fortunes are being made in Oil

HERE IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY!

THE Directorate of the Cambrian Trust, Ltd., now invite applications from the public to enter the Second Mutual Participation Pool under which their new and tested oil-estates in Grant and Lincoln County, Arkansas, are to be developed. Full particulars of the Estates, with reports of leading British and American Geologists on the prospects of Oil being struck thereon, have appeared in this paper during the past few weeks.

Great Profit-Earning Possibilities.

No more attractive co-operative, fortune-making scheme could possibly be conceived than this of the Cambrian Trust. It affords the British speculator an opportunity which has hitherto been denied him. The interests of every individual land-unit holder are fully safe guarded, while the possibilities of reaping enormous profits are very real.

Those who were fortunate enough to join No. 1 Pool of the Cambrian Trust are now interested in the largest Oil development enterprise in Grant County and have already received a 25% Bonus Share profit interest in the new field in Lincoln County.

WHAT No. 2 POOL ACTUALLY OFFERS.

1 The actual title deed of freehold ownership, issued under the laws of the State, together with copy of survey map indicating owner's land and numbered in accordance with deed, will be issued to every £10 land-unit purchaser.

2 £10 is the actual limit of your speculation per unit.

3 The application list will be definitely closed immediately the available plots on this property have been fully allocated, and no further applications will be considered.

4 From the total sum produced from this issue, a special sinking fund of 10 per cent. will be immediately deposited with our Bankers for the purpose of conducting extended geological surveys, etc., and for drilling operations, which will be carried out under the supervision of skilled geologists and engineers.

5 Upon the discovery and completion of a producing well the profits derived therefrom will be distributed as follows:

50% of the net profits derived from Oil production from the land-unit will go to the registered owner thereof.

40% of such profits will be distributed amongst the other land-unit holders in accordance with the guarantees and undertakings of the Mutual Participation Pool.

10% of such profits will be retained by the promoters—the Cambrian Trust, Ltd.

Important ADDITIONAL Profit-sharing Interest for Land-Unit Holders in the promising new field discovered by Mr. E. H. Cunningham Craig.

60% of the net profit from the Oil derived from this new Territory will be distributed proportionately amongst the land-unit holders of this issue.

25% of the net profit from the Oil derived therefrom will be distributed proportionately amongst the land-unit holders in No. 1 Issue.

15% will be retained by the Cambrian Trust, Ltd.

By the above arrangement Land-Unit Holders have a Profit sharing Interest in TWO distinct fields, which are being developed by the Cambrian Trust.

Read what the eminent Geologist and Petroleum Expert, Mr. E. H. Cunningham Craig, B.A., F.R.C.S.E., F.G.S., who recently visited the Cambrian Trust Estates, says about the Property and its prospects:—

"I believe the Cambrian Trust to be a *genuinely good speculation.* Other oil interests are now concentrating their activity upon sections of Grant County in close proximity to the Trust's properties, and in this connection the Texas Company is expecting to get a well in any day.

"Should oil be struck on the properties of the Cambrian Trust in Grant County, then its plot-holders will be in a very good position indeed. *There is reason for assuming that oil may be concentrated on the properties,* and, therefore, the serious development operations in hand at the present time are amply justified.

"In my opinion, based upon what I have actually seen during my visit, I am bound to admit that the public purchasing these plots are being given *a square deal with really attractive possibilities.*"

E. H. Cunningham Craig.

You Must Act at Once!

There are only a limited number of land units available. Don't put this offer aside until to-morrow. Your opportunity is to-day. Remember, five test wells have already been drilled on the property with satisfactory results, and two deep wells are now being sunk.

Now is the time to apply for your Land Unit!

To **THE CAMBRIAN TRUST, Ltd.,**
29, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

I am interested in the Arkansas Oil Land development, and without any obligation on my part request you to send me a Prospectus of the Cambrian Trust (No. 2) Participation Pool explaining how £10 will make me the legal owner of a valuable plot of oil land with a 50% participating interest in the production of any oil derived therefrom and other benefits.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

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